DARIUS

KING of PERSIA.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted by Their

Majesties Servants.

Written by Mr. *CROWNE.*

The first Edition

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TO

Sir GEO. HEVVYTT Baronet,

One of the Lieutenants of His Majesties

Horse Guard.

SIR,

POOR *Darius* is decreed to be unfortunate every where. His Stars pursue him two thousand years after his death, tear his Image, and employ his Friends against him; for I am one of 'em. I find him in *Curtius*, a Prince of Valour, Clemency, Justice, and great moral Virtues, suffering under the heaviest calamities, that ever befel Man. And I have much pity for him; and more abhorrence for the Villains that Murder'd him, than those that cut off *Alexander*. *Darius* has no success, the greater still the pity. If *Alexander* moves my pity, 'tis when he has success, because 'tis the ruine of his great Virtues. *Darius* never parted with his; nor good nor ill Fortune vanquish'd his Virtue, that *Darius*, of the two, seems the greater Conqueror, and in a common Waggon gor'd in his Blood, appears a more Glorious Prince, than *Alexander* in his Chariot triumphing over the *Indians*. For *Darius* in all misery triumphs over Fortune. Fortune most insolently triumphs

over *Alexander*. The deſcription *Curtius* gives of him and his Army, when they came from the Conqueſt of the *Indies*, is a perfect picture of one of our lewd debauchees of quality, coming in the head of drunken Ruffians from beating a Watch. *Curtius* ſays, a thouſand ſober Men might have taken 'em all priſoners. And no doubt, cou'd a luſty whiggiſh *London* Watch have met with 'em, *Alexander* the Great had been carried to the Counter, notwithſtanding his Royal Dignity, or perhaps the ſooner for it. Therefore, if *Darius* moves no pity, I am afraid it is not his fault, but mine; and he is once more fallen into ill hands. I am apt to think I committed a fault, in not taking the whole Story; but leaving out Queen *Statira*, and her two Daughters, High-born Princeſſes, well known to the World, whoſe miſfortunes wou'd have probably mov'd more compaſſion, than thoſe of a ſtrange Lady, obſcurely deſcended from my Fancy, which I have introduc'd in their ſtead. But when I firſt contriv'd and writ this Play, my Judgment was overborn by ſome I much regard; who told me, thoſe Princeſſes had been already ſeen very often, their Beauties wou'd now ſeem ſtale, and a new Face be more agreeable. My judgment at that time might be eaſily born down, for it was weak, as I my Self was, by a tedious ſickneſs, elſe I had not medled with Tragedy; for there is nothing more plain, than that the humor of the preſent Age runs quite to another extreme, too far. Nor do the preſent Company of Actors abound with Tragedians enow, to maſter that Humor. And they have no reaſon to contend with it, ſince they can pleaſe at a much cheaper rate, by

Farce

Farce and Comedy; and truly ſo can I, they coſt me leſs pains than Tragedy does. But when I firſt medled with this Play, and long after, I was not in Humor for Comedy. A Poet, like a Fiddle, will never ſound merrily in wet weather. The Trebles, which are the ſtrings for Jigs, will not endure ſtretching. So I was forc'd on grumbling Tragedy; and having done ſomthing in it, was loth to loſe my labour. Thus much I am willing to ſay againſt myſelf, becauſe it is Truth. But as I will not be arrogant, ſo not over-fawning, becauſe there is Foppery and Affectation in both. A misfortune fell upon this Play, that might very well dizzy the Judgments of my Audience. Juſt before the Play began, Mrs. *Barry* was ſtruck with a very violent Fever, that took all Spirit from her, by conſequence from the Play; the Scenes She acted fell dead from her; and in the *4th* Act her diſtemper grew ſo much upon her, She cou'd go on no farther, but all her part in that Act was wholly cut out, and neither Spoke nor Read; that the People went away without knowing the contexture of the Play, yet thought they knew all. Now we know, how hard it is to recover the Reputation of one that's executed; it is almoſt as hard as it is to recover his Life. The circulation of Blood is ſtopt in the Strangled; and the circulation of Reaſon in the Living, by violent prepoſſeſſions. And when the multitude are poſſeſt of any thing, it is not eaſy to get it from 'em. They have great Strength and Authority too. And not alone in theſe trifles, but in things of the higheſt conſequence, even in matters of Religion. As in theſe toyes, People dare not be pleas'd, but as they find others are; ſo

in Religion, they dare not be ſav'd, but in the way they find others go. Now though in matters of Religion, where Truth is of great concernment, and to ſuffer for it, Honourable and Advantageous, a Man may boldly contend with the whole World; but in ſo fooliſh a Cauſe, as whether the fall of *Darius* be a good Story of a Play, and whether I have manag'd it well, or no, to hector the World, if it dares differ from me, wou'd be notorious Arrogance and Folly; nay, Injuſtice too: for let Men have what Opinions they will, of this Play, they have paid me for 'em, and paid me handſomly, why ſhou'd I ſeek to take it from 'em? I will then ſay no more concerning the Play; if that be faulty, I muſt take care to have the fewer faults in my ſelf. But certainly I ſhall not be endur'd by any good Man, nay, even by my ſelf, if I ſhou'd not here take occaſion, to render, with all poſſible Humility and Dutifulneſs, my Thanks to His Majeſty, for the Honor of his Preſence, on the Day which was to be for my advantage; which He was pleaſed to Grant me, out of a moſt Gracious and Royal regard to what had formerly appear'd well in me, both as a Poet and a Subject. I know not how the Minds of others are wrought upon; but ſuch a piece of Royal Juſtice and Favour is to me more ſtrong than a Law to bind me for ever to my good Behaviour. I cannot alſo forbear to mention the many ſpecial Favours, I have receiv'd from the preſent Lord Chamberlain. Obligations are Chains, but when they come from Princes, and Men of worth, they are badges

of

of Honour, and a Man is tempted to ſhew 'em, when he goes abroad, I confeſs, not only my Gratitude, but my Vanity, makes me name him, Paſt diſpute his excellent Underſtanding, and many other great Qualities, are an Ornament to his High Office; then well may His Favours be a Grace to me.

Now, SIR, I ſhall come to you, I have receiv'd ſeveral kindneſſes from you, have found in you at all times, an inclination and readineſs to do me any friendly Office; all which have extremely won upon me; and I am very uneaſy under Obligations, till I have made ſome return. But I can make no other, than of this kind, which I therefore beg you to accept. It is true, common Dedicators have brought this ſort of Addreſſes into as much contempt, as common Evidences have done Swearing. The true and firſt intent of 'em was Sacred. A Dedication ought to be a little Chappel, Conſecrated to the Memory of ſome Friend of Worth; and a Repoſitory of Holy Reliques. Now 'tis become like the *Temple Church*, a place where Knights of the Poſt ply; that are ready to ſay any thing for any one. But I have kept a better Reputation in the World, you will come amongſt good company. There are few Names fixt before my Writings, but may ſerve like the Phenix's, on the Front of our new Buildings, for marks of Inſurance; and might

inſure 'em, were it poſſible. But I come to you with no ſuch fooliſh deſign. For how ridiculous, and unreaſonable is it, to deſire another to defend my impertinence? An office no wiſe Man will undertake, and the greateſt Man that is cannot perform. My Writings, when they are out of my hand, are no longer mine; the World pays for 'em, and will manage 'em as they pleaſe. All care of 'em is vain, therefore I take none. My Honeſty no Man ſhall diſpoſe of but myſelf. 'Tis to preſerve that, and not my Writings, I beg your leave for this Addreſs; and I wou'd not accept your leave, if it wou'd coſt me any flattery. You have liv'd in the laſt Court, and this, with great Reputation. Have approv'd yourſelf, to be a Man of Honour, Loyalty, Courage, Generoſity, good Senſe, good Nature, and good Morals; which ought to be celebrated for the publick Good, which too much wants ſuch examples. I know how ill the ſick and corrupt World, digeſts the leaſt praiſe of any but themſelves. How tyr'd even good Men are, if you lead 'em far into the commendation of any Man; and the bad will not go along with you, but on ſome ill deſign. Therefore I ſhall keep where I am ſafe, where every Man will be o' my ſide. No Man that knows you, but confeſſes you to be one of the worthieſt Gentlemen they know. I ſhou'd therefore ſhew very little

tle worth in myself, if I shou'd slight both your Favour and Desert. And, SIR, I hope you, who have forgiven Writings of mine, that shew my Follies; will not be displeas'd with this Dedication, where I shew the few Virtues I have, my Justice, and Integrity, which are the best claims I have to the Title of

SIR,

Your most Humble

and Obliged Servant,

JOHN CROWN.

Dramatis Personæ.

DArius, *King of* Persia.

Artabasus, { *A Nobleman, of great Quality, Loyalty, Years, General of all the King's Armies.*

Bessus, *Viceroy of* Bactria.

Nabarzanes, *Viceroy of* Hircania.

Memnon, { *A beautiful valiant Loyal young Man, Son of* Bessus----*by an* Amazon *Queen.*

Patron, { *A valiant faithful* Greek; *General of the* Greek *Auxiliaries, that serve in the* Persian *Army.*

Dataphernes, *A* Bactrian *Officer that serves under* Bessus.

Barzana, { *A beautiful Princess o'the Royal Blood, Married to* Bessus.

Oronte, *Her Confident.*

Scene, *The Plains, and Town of* Arbela *in* Persia.

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

When a young Writer Poetry first wooes,
Oh! how he's charm'd with a fond flatt'ring Muse;
Scorns Physick, Law, Divinity; he climbs
To Heaven, by Ladders made o' Ropes o' Rhimes.
Finds Heaven and Gold in Verse, and while he pores,
He pities Judges, Bishops, Chancellors;
They ne'r attain his Joys, they'r Rich, and Great,
But he's above 'em all, for he's a Wit;
A Prince in Verse, and Princes Titles give.
His Pen at will makes Honour dye, or live.
He dubbs this Man a Knave, a Coxcomb that;
Gives any Brow a horny Coronet.
Orders some famous Beauty every hour
His Leters Patents to be call'd a Whore,
Deserv'd, or not, he does it all by Power.
Thus like a Beau, and Bully o' the Town,
He by debauching Beauties gets Renown:
That is, their Names, for he enjoys not one,
Thus was our Poet, by his Muse drawn in;
'Tis true, she always innocent has been,
Kept Shop, like a good creditable Cit,
But traded in damn'd never thriving Wit.
Lawyers have Fees, howe'r their Causes go,
And Parsons with lean Sermons fat can grow.
Of Lawyers your undoing you must buy;

And t

And Doctors will not cheaply let you dye;
The vileſt Quack by ignorance can get,
More than the beſt of Poets by his Wit.
Then you may aſk, Why will the Poet Write?
He ſays, his Genius bids, and Hours invite.
No lumbring buſineſs in his way is laid,
His Life's a private and a vacant Shade;
And with deſign, both to inſtruct and pleaſe,
He plants the Walks with various Images.
And humbly prays you, if with Art he writes,
You'l not take pains to damn your own Delights.
Nay, do not damn him much, if he writes ill;
For then he writes like you----that is Gentile.

DARIUS,

DARIUS,
King of PERSIA.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Field; Trumpets Sound.*

Enter Artabaſus, Beſſus, Nabarzanes, Memnon, Patron, Dataphernes. *Perſians, Bactrians, Greeks.*

Ar. SO now, my Lords, the dreadful day is near,
That will for ever ruin, or confirm,
The greateſt Throne, that ever the Sun ſaw.
To Morrow, oh! to Morrow——thou art big
With vaſt events; time never produc'd the like.
At *Granicus* we had not half our ſtrength.
But in this Army is all *Perſia.*

Be. I think, my Lord, we are effective Men
Seven hundred thouſand.

Ar. Ay, and more, my Lord.

Na. Yet, of all theſe, my Lord, you and I lead
Scarce Fifteen thouſand. (*Aſide to* Be.

Be. Silence.

Ar. We have left
Our Cities, Towns, and Fields, all deſolate;
That one wou'd think the Conqueror had been there,
The Valleys bend beneath us, the Hills groan;

The Fields, nay, all the Heavens seem to stretch,
And give us room; and we have room to Fight.
We are not here at the *Cilician* Streights,
Where we were pris'ners e're the Fight begun;
Penn'd in with Mountains that clipp'd both our wings,
And squeez'd our Bodies close, till it became
As weak, and slender as the Enemy.
The King has done his Duty, furnish'd all
This multitude with Arms, and Ground to fight,
And his own Glorious example too.
Let us do ours, but dare be Conquerors,
We shall be so, we must be so, or Ghosts,
Or worse, poor wretched Slaves, our Liberties
Our Fortunes, Wives and Children, are all here.
Lord *Bessus*, is not your fair Princess here,
The King's late beauteous Gift?

Be. She is, my Lord.

Ar. Wou'd you not rather see that Beauty dead,
Than given up to *Macedonian* Lust?

Be. She shall be rather by my Sword enioy'd.

Ar. And here I see your Son, a Noble Youth.

Me. Oh! my good Lord.

Ar. Lord *Memnon*, give me leave.
I think, Lord *Bessus*, I have heard you say,
An *Amazonian* Queens warlike Embrace
Presented you this Gift.

Be. 'Tis true, my Lord.

Ar. Believe it, 'Twas a bounty to the World.

Me. Nay, now my Lord.

Ar. Nay, pray, let me be just.
Who wou'd not grieve to see this worth in chains?
And yet, now I reflect, more worth than his,
Ay, or than half our Kingdom is in chains.
Even half our King is there; and almost all
The Royal Blood, but what is in his veins.
His Mother, Brother, Daughters, little Son,
Nay more, his beauteous Queen are slaves to those,
To whom they once scorn'd to be Sovereigns.
Two Royal Virgins in their early Spring

Lye

Lye like fallen Blossoms, at their Mother's feet.
At her fair Bosom hangs her Infant Son
A withering branch, torn from his once great hopes;
He, who was lately Heir of half the World,
Is now, not Lord of his poor little Self,
His greatest happiness is Ignorance;
He does not know the Glory he has lost,
But hugs the Enemy that ruins him.
The Conqueror cannot see this, without Tears,
And cursing his unfortunate success.
And then, oh! Can it be endur'd by us?
But I may spare all this, to Men so brave,
So tryed, as you have to your Glory been,
Lord *Bessus*, *Nabarzanes*, and your Troops.
Na. We may one day be tryed upon your selves. (*aside.*
Be. Silence, Lord *Nabarzanes*——have a care—— (*aside.*
Ar. Fortune, Lord *Bessus*, seems afraid of you.
She's *Alexander*'s Mistress, but your Slave;
She gives him Favours, but you ravish 'em.
At our great blow, at the *Cilician* Streights
All came off safe, as priviledg'd from Fate,
That kept within the precincts of your Sword.
Be. Indeed, my Lord, my *Bactrians* did well.
Ar. And you, Lord *Patron*, and your valiant *Greeks*,
Must give me leave to give you your due praise:
These gallant Men are to our Fortune tyed
By indispensable Allegiance.
But you are strangers, loose from any bonds.
Pa. My Lord, we are for ever bound to you
By Gratitude, and Honour; *Greece* indeed
Gave us our birth, but you our happiest hours,
That our best Blood is yours.
Ar. Most Noble Lord;
Well, If we fail to morrow 'twill be strange,
We have the strength of this vast Monarchy,
The justice of our Cause, Necessity,
Ay, and th' inconstancy of Fortune too.
That mutability which ruin'd us,
In the last Field, may be our Friend the next.

Now to your Tents, and take a brief repose,
That so prepar'd, you may not be surpriz'd.
The King suspects, these *Macedonian* Thieves
Will act like Thieves, and steal on us by night,
They will not dare to look on us by day;
And therefore he has wisely given Command,
Great part o'th' Army be in Arms all night;
And all be ready at the Trumpets sound.

Be. 'Tis wisely order'd.

Ar. Now, my Lords, Good Night.

Be. My Lord, we wish your Excellence Good night.
Heaven give us all to Morrow a Good Day. (*Ex. Ar.*

Pa. I'le to my Charge; my Lords, Good night to you. (*Ex. Pa.*

Be. Good Night, Lord *Patron*; this is a brave *Greek*.

Na. And our old General a brave *Persian*.

Be. He's like the Sun, a Largesse to the World;
And not to be consum'd by age or toil.

Na. The King, and he, are th'only gallant Men
In this whole Nation.

Be. *Memnon*, to your Tent.

Mem. Good Night, my Lord. —— (*Ex. Mem.*

Be. He's honest, but he's young.
Our talk has too much weight for his green youth.

Na. And our Affairs, I think, have so much weight,
We shall not sleep beneath 'em much to night.

Be. 'Tis true, my Lord, come let us to my Tent,
Come with us, *Dataphernes*.

Da. Ay, my Lord. —— *Ex.*

All go out, and re-enter immediately.

SCENE, Bessus's *Tent*.

Be. Our Fortune places us in a strange Post;
For we are bound to fight against our selves.
Let who will conquer, we shall be subdued.
For, say the *Persian* Army gets the day;
We know they cannot do it without us;
The noble fruits of our own Gallantry
Will all be set in this luxurious Soil.

Our

Our Swords will be as barren as our Lands.
These Cowards must rule the Brave, by whom they rule.
Dat. They Govern us! they ha' not power to rule
Men, Wine, or Women; or their own Silk-worms.
The Men are all devour'd by Luxury,
And *Alexander* only has the Orts.
Na. Therefore they'r nauseous both to Heaven and Earth.
And it is insolence, in mortal Man,
To force upon the Gods what they disgust.
Cram Nations down the throat of Providence,
Which it throws up again in every field.
Dat. I do declare, I'd no more fight, to guard
The King's Dominions over heartless Cowards,
Than I wou'd fight for Eagles, to defend
Their Principality over the Birds.
Be. Nay, I have ever thought, a *Persian* King
Was at the most but Master of a Mint.
Persia has Gold and Jewels, but no Men;
It has been long depopulated, all
By Slavery, and Vice; by Women too.
Women shou'd fill, and they unman, their Towns,
War lays 'em not so wast, War mars and makes.
This War has made more Men, than it has kill'd;
The slaughter'd heaps were only loads of Clay,
Where there was the Image of a Man.
Na. My Lord, they are all Images of Whores.
They march into the field, rather equipp'd
Like Ladies for a Ball, than Troops for War.
Like Women too, with weapons weaponless,
They dye unwounded by the sight of Wounds;
And serve the Ravens up in massy Plate.
The *Persian* Crows are fed in greater pomp
Than Kings of *Macedon.*
Dat. Oh! never cowards
Were at more cost, nobly to hide themselves.
The Men cannot be seen for Plumes, and Gold.
Nor can the Gold for Diamonds be seen.
The Royal Metle is oppress't by Jewels.
Their modest Swords, which abhor nakedness,

(Though

(Though Heaven knows in State of Innocence)
Sleep in their Scabbards, as in Velvet Beds,
Under rich Coverlids of cluster'd Pearl.
Na. And to what end is this, they only prove
Fine Sumpter Horses to the Enemy,
To carry Baggage for 'em to the field.
Be. Yet they must Lord it o're brave Nations,
Who can subdue both Men and Elements.
How does our naked flesh vanquish the cold?
How oft is Snow our only Winter Shirt?
Na. Yet does our Gallantry far exceed theirs.
We have no Ladies Favours on our Swords,
But Victories, the Favours of the Gods,
Are always there.
Be. No thanks to *Persians*,
Who do not only quit us in the field,
And so most cowardly expose our lives,
But stint our Troops, that they may starve our Fame.
I have five thousand Horse, and only fight
To be a slave to Cowards.
Na. Nay, to Brutes.
Europeans are Men, for they enjoy
Their Reason, wisely gather'd into Laws.
Here they are Brutes, for only strength commands.
Our only Law is, that there is no Law.
All things are lawful here, to Power, but Laws.
The only rule of Justice, here, is Might,
The strong devour the weak, and no wrong done.
The Wolf is not unjust that eats the Lamb.
The Lamb is in the wrong to be a Lamb.
Be. In short, the Nature of the King is mild,
But cruel is the Nature of his Crown.
Then to whose lot soever it befals,
If I survive, they shall not keep it long.
Not, that I mean to fix it on my Head,
But to Crown Nature, Freedom, and Sense,
In which, all Men have equal shares with me.
Na. My Lord, you'l have a Crown in those great Thoughts;
Not what's without, but what's within the Brow,

Shou'd be the mark of Sovereign Dignity.
Be. How goes the night away?
Na. The Morning Star
Long since gave Darkness warning to be gone.
Dat. See, see, 'tis gone; the day possesses Heaven.
Be. Nay, then 'tis time, we wait upon the King.
Na. 'Tis more than time, no doubt he's come abroad,
I see his Golden Chariot guild that Hill.
Be. Then he is there viewing the Enemy.
Dat. Now all the shining Crowd descend this way.
Let us go pay our adorations.
Na. Our Adorations to a mortal Man? ha! ha!
Be. Now Gods aid us, whoever you destroy.
These Kings but for one Man their Swords employ.
Each for himself has all his Force design'd,
We fight for you, and for all your Mankind.
They wou'd be Sovereign Lords, but I contend
Only to be your Creatures Sovereign Friend. —— *Ex.*

All sorts of Martial Musique. Enter Priests bearing Fire on Silver Altars; Then a train of Officers in Golden Robes and Collars; Then Darius, *follow'd by* Artabasus, Bessus, Nabarzanes, Memnon, Patron. *The King surveys 'em; and all prostrate themselves, and kiss the ground;* Patron *excepted, who only bows.*

Da. I gave command, the ground where I expect
The Enemies Horse to Charge, shou'd be stuck full
Of sharp and bearded Irons, but with marks
For us to know, and shun 'em. —— Is it done?
Ar. 'Tis, Mighty Sir.
Dat. 'Tis well, I am inform'd,
Our rash, fierce Enemies are become wise:
The sight of this vast dreadful multitude
Has cool'd their boiling Blood.
Be. Sir, so we hear.
Mem. Sir, 'Tis no more than Truth, and what I saw,
I was commanded, with a thousand Horse,
To make discovery how the Enemy lay.

Fear

Fear was to them a multiplying Glass.
They believ'd all your Army was come down;
And cryed, *Darius*—Arm —— ! *Darius* here!
Your Royal Name alone half routed 'em.
Nay, I was told even *Alexander* fear'd
The dreadful Shouts of your vast multitudes
Shook Forests, Mountains, and the Conqueror's Heart;
And gave us time to make a good retreat.

Pa. Nay, if that Prince has Fear, it comes from Heaven,
For Terror is not natural to him.

Da. 'Tis true; the *Omen* appears promising.

Enter Dataphernes.

Da. The Eunuch *Tyriotes*, Royal Sir,
That lately did attend upon the Queen,
Has made escape out of the Enemies Camp,
And brings some mournful news.

Da. Ha! from my Queen?

Dat. His Eyes are drown'd in Tears, and Garments torn.

Da. Nay, then it is my turn to tremble now;
If ill but threatens her, it destroys me.
Bring hither *Tyriotes*,——— bring my death.

Be. Were it not better, Sir, defer the news,
And not begin the day?———

Da. Dispute my Will?——

Enter Tyriotes.

Come hither, speak, while I have sense to hear.
Silence is vain, thy Garments and thy Eyes
Plunge me into a thousand tort'ring fears.
Speak———Do not spare me, 'cause thou see'st me Grieve,
For I have learnt to be unfortunate,
And to the wretched 'tis a little ease,
To know how far their Misery will extend,
—Oh! I distrust one thing, I hate to think
Much more to speak.——— Thou com'st to let me know
She whom I prize above my Crown and Life,
Has in her miserable vassalage,

Receiv'd

Receiv'd Indignities I cannot name.
Say——eaſe my Torments——ſtabb me with the Truth.
Ty. Oh! let not, Sir, vain fears, afflict your Heart,
Your real cauſe of ſorrow, is too much.
But oh! the generous Conqueror paid your Queen
All Honours, that a Slave cou'd give his Prince;
He rather did appear a ſlave to her.
But now She is no more——your Queen is dead.
Ar. How? the Queen dead?
Da. —— Martyr'd for Chaſtity——
Tis ſo —— tis ſo——She did oppoſe his Luſt
And he has murther'd her.——*Barbarian.*——
What injuries have I done to thee, and thine,
That thou ſhou'dſt take this infamous revenge?
There's no juſt reaſon for thy War on me,
But ſay, 'tis Glorious to ſubdue a King,
Can it be ſo to violate a Queen?
Cou'dſt thou not ſpare her Beauty, and her Sex?
Ty. Oh! Sir, he did.——again y'afflict your ſelf
With Viſions, Shadows.——She receiv'd from him
All kind, and honourable uſage, Sir.
Da. Ha! kind?
Ty. Yes, Sir——for when She dyed, he wept;
You cannot more lament.
Da. Ha! This is worſe——
There was a friendſhip grown between them then.
And he had Favours from her——it was ſo——
Men lament not the death of Enemies.
I cannot bear the Thought.
Ty. Oh! hear me, Sir.
Da. I wou'd have privacy——away——be gone—— *Ex. all but*
This is not fit for any Ears but mine, } *Da. and* Ty.
No, nor for mine——for it will make me mad.
Ty. Oh! Sir, indeed
Da. Preparing to deceive?
Ty. No — Sir——
Da. It will be folly——have a care
For now my Grief is height'ned into Rage——
My Tears are turn'd to Fire, then do not lye

By Lying, thou wilt fool thy self, not me.
For if I find thou dost conceal the Truth,
The Rack shall force it from thee.
Ty. I'l speak Truth.
Da. Do——thrust me not upon extremities.
For Cruelty and I never agreed.
In sparing thy own self, thou wilt spare me.
I do conjure thee, by the love thou bear'st
Thy self, or me, deliver me the Truth.
Tell me——oh! Whither am I going now?
But must go on, though the way lead to Hell.
Tell me if *Alexander*——fortunate——
Victorious——young and brave——did not attain——
What I'm asham'd to ask, and dread to know.——
Ty. No, Sir, indeed
Da. Lye not.
Ty. I will not, Sir——
What should I gain by telling you untruth?
Da. Hopes of my Favour by soft flattery.
Ty. Sir, here I freely offer up these Limbs
To any torment that can be endur'd.
There's strength enough in Truth, to bear e'm all,
And then I hope you will believe me, Sir.
Da. This is all cunning to avoid the Rack,
But that thou shalt not do——ho! bring the Rack,
Ty. With all my heart.
Da. So bold? I like it well.
He cannot love my Ease, more than his Flesh;
Bring torments on himself, to soften mine.
Thou hast half won me to thee——speak——I'm calm.
Ty. Then I appeal to all the Powers Divine.——
Oh! now attest my Truth, attest your selves——
If I deliver Fictions to the King,
You are all Fictions, if you spare my Head.
The virtuous Conqueror did treat the Queen
With all the Honour, Virtue, and the pure
Religion due, to one so much Divine.
He never saw her beauteous Face but once.
And then, to give her comfort for her loss.

Her Divine Beauties only tempted him,
To greater Virtue; and he did not ſerve
His Pleaſure, but his Glory, by her charms.
He ſerv'd her Honourably in her life;
And when She dyed, he mourn'd the publick loſs,
And gave her Royal pompous Funerals.
Da. Oh! *Alexander*, thou haſt vanquiſh'd me.
Till now, thy Fortune only conquer'd mine.
But now thy Virtues have ſubdued my Soul;
Have thrown me down, into a weeping Slave.
I bluſh to ſhew my Face.—But all theſe Tears
Muſt not be thine; my Queen muſt ſhare with thee,
Whoſe Honour I have wrong'd. Oh! thou bright Shade
Of my chaſte Queen, forgive my jealouſie——
It was th' exceſs, and frenzy of my Love.
Now, you great Gods, Protectors of my Throne.
I firſt implore your Favour to my Right.
Reſtore the Throne to me, the lawful Lord.
But if your powerful myſterious Wills
For ever have excluded me and mine.
Oh! give this Great and Glorious Monarchy,
To this ſo Brave, ſo Juſt, and Glorious Prince.
I humbly beg it, for my Peoples ſake.
How happy will they be, under a Prince,
Whoſe Virtues make Captivity a Joy?
Now call the General to me, and the reſt.

Enter Ar. Be. Na. Me. Pa. Dat.

I like not the beginning o'this day,
'Tis a dark Morning, for my Light's eclips'd,
——Gone down—and I ſhall never ſee her more,
I wou'd redeem my Children, ſave their right,
And give Renown and Victory to my Friends,
To all my People Peace and Happineſs,
I care not then how ſoon I'm with my Queen.
Ar. The King is ſad and penſive.
Pa. Yes, I ſee't,
With no ſmall trouble, for it bodes no good.

Da. Come to our work, the Enemy draws on,
And 'tis a shame so few shou'd challenge us.
Be. Nay, he is rash, and puts great confidence
In light, uncertain Fortune, who is soon
Tir'd with her Favourites; soonest of all
With Prodigals like him, She has no fund
Of bottomless successes, to maintain
A mad eternity of rash attempts.
Da. Forbeare, and do not rudely touch his Name
Who with such gentleness treats all my Friends.
Revile him not, subdue him if you can;
Let's fight him well, for that he'l give us thanks.
Now by our *Persian* Tutelary Gods;
By the Eternal Fire before us born,
By the Sun's splendor rising in My Realms;
And even a Sacred, Glorious Native here,
By *Cyrus*'s immortal memory,
By your own Honours, I conjure you all.
Transmit the *Persian* Glory, you receiv'd
From your brave Ancestors, to your own Race.
Do——as you see me do, I'l ask no more.
If I be mounted, on a Chariot
Above you all, 'tis to be seen of all;
By my example to instruct you all.
Seek not one danger you see me decline;
Nor let one Bosome have more wounds than mine.

(*Exit.*

All go off. A noise of a Battle.
Enter Bessus *and* Dataphernes.

Be. Pursue, pursue, improve our good success,
The day's our own, the great *Parmenio*
Greatest of *Macedonians*, gives ground.
Pursue, and we are Masters of their Camp
And then their Baggage, and their Souls are ours;
For in their Baggage lies the greedy Souls
Of these poor Thieves, they only fight for Gold.
But we for Glory and Dominion.

Dat.

Dat. My Lord, when we are Masters of their Camp
We'l free our pris'ners —— we have thousands there,
Who Free, and Arm'd, will fall on th' Enemy,
With fury whetted on their iron Chains,
Sharp for Revenge. ———
Be. 'Tis well advis'd —— fall on ——— (*Exit.*

A noise of Fighting —— *Pris'ners run over the Stage shaking of their Chains, and shouting.*

Enter Bessus *and* Nabarzanes *at several doors.*

Be. The news, the news, my Lord?
Na. Undone, undone.
Be. What say you? Undone?
Na. By the King's Gallantry.
Be. His Gallanty's no news. —— we know him brave.
Where did you leave him?
Na. Fighting hand to hand.
With *Alexander.*
Be. Ha! a Glory indeed.
And to be coveted above a Crown.
Oh! Gods, shou'd *Alexander* fall by him ———
Na. I fear'd it, and drew off upon pretence,
To Wheel, and Charge the Enemy ith' rear,
Indeed, to leave him to his *Persian* Cowards.
A howl ——— (*A great Howl and Cry is heard.*

Enter Artabasus.

Ar. All's lost my Lords —— the King is kill'd.
Na. Ha! the King kill'd, my Lord?
Be. Nay, then all's won —— (*aside.*
The Kingdom's ours —— Ha! I forget my self,
The Gods forbid, How do you know, my Lord?
Ar. I was inform'd by those that saw him fall;
Did you not hear an universal howl?
Na. We did, and thought it came from dying Men.
Ar. Nay, I believe by this time, they are dead;

For

For with the King, the Hearts of thousands sunk,
And our despairing Men no longer fought
For Victory, but death; and had their wish,
For thousands dye, and by a thousand ways.
Ni. Then by survivorship, the World's our own. —— (*aside.*
Ar. Away, and carry off, if possible,
The Royal Body, for our Honours sake,
For our dear fallen King, and Countries sake,
'Tis all the service we can do 'em now.
Ni. Here's brave Lord *Patron*

Enter Patron.

Ar. We will beg his aid.
My Lord, my Lord, our gallant King is kill'd.
Pa. 'Tis false.
Be. How, false?
Ni I'm sorry to hear that. —— (*aside.*
Pa. 'Twas nothing but his Charioteer that fell.
Ar. Oh! then that fatal error ruin'd us,
Pa. No, your Mens cowardize has ruin'd you.
Ar. Methinks, I have some hopes, if the King lives.
Pa. Of what? For though the gallant King's alive;
He's almost the sole *Persian* that has life,
Or has had any since the day begun.
Before a stroke was struck, the Cowards died;
Stabb'd by the glittering of th' Enemies Steel
The *Macedonians* had no more to do,
But to inter the Dead; throw dirt to dirt,
I mean, heap Carcasses on Carcasses,
A very pious work. And for my part,
I think 'tis Sacriledge to hinder 'em.
So, I am going—for I find, we come
Not to a Battle, but a Funeral.
Ar. You'l not desert the King whilst he's ith' Field?
Pa. He's fled, I forc'd him to't. I was inform'd
He rush'd with too much bravery, into th' Heart
Of the Enemies, to tear away the life ——
I mean, the valiant *Macedonian* King;
I fearing much his danger (not alone,

From

From his brave Enemies, but his baſe Friends)
March'd to his aid.——And found him, as I fear'd,
Left by his Men; and fighting not alone
With *Alexander*, but all *Macedon*.
All the King's Fire warm'd not his heartleſs Men,
But ſcar'd 'em, for they fled like Ghoſts from Day.
The Enemies Trumpets blew 'em all away.
No doubt they wou'd have fled, had the Cocks crowed;
As, they ſay, guilty timorous Spirits do.
I interpos'd between the two brave Kings,
And made the *Macedonian* retreat;
Then ſhew'd the King his frightful Solitude;
How all his *Perſian* Guards lay in himſelf,
And his ſole ſafety in a quick retreat;
Elſe he wou'd fall into the Enemies hands.
Then in deſpair, and rage, he bent his Sword,
Againſt his own brave life. I held his hand,
And with kind violence forc'd him to fly.
And I am told, he's towards *Arbela* gone.
I'll follow him—I will not kill brave Men,
To defend Cowards, who deſerve not life. (*Exit.*

Ar. Perſia, thy Glory's loſt, (*Exit.*

Na. But ours begins.

Be. It does, and *Patron* lyed, the King's not fle*d*
Darius is indeed; but the King's dead.
Here fallen lye, his Empire, and our Chains,
Now a freſh ſtronger hand ſhall take the Reins. (*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Room in the Palace at* Arbela.

Enter Artabasus, Dataphernes.

Ar. LOrd *Bessus* with his *Bactrian* Horse in Town?
Dat. Just come, my Lord. Lord *Nabarzanes* too,
With his bold *Scythians* are not far behind.
Ar. This is reviving news——the King has now
Considerable strength——see, my Lord's here.

Enter Bessus, Barzana, Oronte.

Oh! my Lord *Bessus*, welcome from the Grave
For the devouring Fields you left behind,
Are but one Grave of many miles extent.
Be. 'Tis true; where half the Kingdom lies interr'd.
Where is the King, my Lord?
Ar. I do not know.
I mean the Glorious King you saw to day,
March to the Field; with pomp that made the day.
It had more light from him, than from the Sun.
Here's a despairing, and deserted Prince,
That came to Town a private Charioteer.
And has not only lost Dominion
Over great Nations, but his Royal Self,
His Passions rule, which they ne'r did before;
And rule so ill, the gallant Enemy
Wou'd (I'm sure) treat him with more gentleness.
Be. No wonder, he has had a heavy blow.
Ar. What Lady have you there?
Be. My Wife, my Lord.
Ar. Oh! Madam, I'm in doubt, if I may say
I'm glad your life is safe, for I believe
'Tis better to be dead, than as we are.
Be. Not so, my Lord, we may recover all.
I find great numbers of brave Men in Town.
The King has yet great Provinces entire,

And chiefly *Bactria*, where I command.
There are a thousand Towns well fortified,
Where the proud Conquerors Fortune may be lost,
As in a Labyrinth with a thousand doors;
And the King scape, and re-ascend his Throne.
Therefore he need not much submit to grief.
Ar. Alas! He grieves not only for himself,
But all his suffering Friends; for you, and me.
The griefs and losses of his faithful Slaves,
Are all of ours, that he wou'd ever share.
Other Proprieties he'd never touch,
Though he be Lord of all; but wou'd neglect
All Right, but what he has in his Friends tears.
Those he too carefully collects himself.
Now in the midst of his great Monarchy,
He's all alone, as in a Wilderness.
I'le go to him, and when I can have leave
To speak to him, I'le tell him you are come.
'Twill greatly comfort him; he loves you much.
Be. The Gods preserve him.
Ar. Madam, your sweet Youth
May live to better days; Heaven grant you may. (*Ex.*
Be. Madam, your Beauty may make better days;
At least with me, let Fortune do her worst,
Wou'd it please you. But Sorrow pleases you,
More than my Love; and ever has done so,
Since first you saw my Face? How? Saw my Face?
I do not know you ever look'd on me.
Your Eyes are turn'd away, or veil'd in tears.
Madam, this cannot easily be born:
I am less safe with you, than among all
The *Macedonian* Swords, I've scap'd from them,
Yet dye with torments in *Barzana*'s Arms.
I am resolv'd, I will find out the cause.
Ba. Alas! I fear, he will discover me.—*aside*, (*One whispers* Dat.
Dat. My Lord, my Lord, I've joyful news for you;
Your belov'd Son, Lord *Memnon*, is come safe. (Barzana *starts.*
Ba. Lord *Memnon!* ha! (*aside.*) My Lord, I beg your leave
I may retire; I'm weary and not well.

Be. Madam, I wish you may have more repose,
Than you can find in me.
Ba. Nay, Why, my Lord,
Will you be cruel to your Self and Me?
I pray, forbear, if you desire my life.
Be. More than my own; I've done--all health to you. (*Ex.* Ba. Oron.
Well, I will trace her Sorrows to their Spring. (*at one Door.*
So! Here's another joy. Welcome, young Man, (*At another,*
Come to my Arms, for you deserve my Love. (*Enter* Mem.
Y'ave done me, in the Field, no little Grace,
It wou'd be strange, if thou should'st not be brave,
Thy Mother had more Manhood, than our Men.
Well, thou art come into a ruin'd World,
Where thy great Virtue will have no reward.
Me. My Lord, I am rewarded in your Love.
Our Honour, and our Friends, is wealth enough.
Be. 'Tis true indeed; there is great wealth in Love.
Oh! Son, I've Married so much Excellence.
Me. So I am told, my Lord.
Be. Do not admire,
I never brought thee yet into her sight,
I durst not do it; for to produce thee,
Had been too bold a boast of my past Love
To thy fair Mother, to affront my Wife.
And I wou'd not offend her, for the World.
Me. My Lord, You need not make excuse for this.
You but observe the custom o'the place.
'Tis thought a horrid profanation
To *Persian* Beauties, to be visible.
They are conceal'd, like Divine Mysteries.
A Sister does not see a Brother here.
Be. True; and, I prithee, come not in her sight,
I brought her from the Battle; She's in Town.
Me. How shall I shun her? For I know her not?
Be. Do not approach this Palace, here She's lodg'd,
With other Beauties that escap'd the Fight.
Me. I shall observe your pleasure carefully.
Be. Now, go thy ways——here is another Friend.

Exit.

Exit Me. *And Enter* Nabarzanes.

Na. Lord *Bessus*, I am glad to see you safe.
Be. I doubt we are not safe; the King is strong.
Na. In what?
Be. In *Persians.*
Na. Strong in *Persians*?
They can be strong in nothing but Perfumes;
They have no Spirits, but from Essences.
Be. They'r above thirty thousand.
Na. Say, they be.
Be. Danger breeds Valour. They who poorly fell,
Were Embrio's, and miscarriages of War.
But Danger has gone out her time with these.
Then, he has *Patron*, and four thousand *Greeks.*
Na. They, I confess, give the King's Sword an edge.
Be. And I have scarce four thousand *Bactrian* Horse.
Na. True, and my *Scythian* Archers are no more.
Be. And then he has a Guard, which all Slaves fear;
Religious awe of Kingly Majesty.
Na. When other Forces fly, that never stays.
That Kings have the Militia, on Earth,
Is fit; shou'd they have that of Heaven too?
Vain Panique fears, and Superstitions?
I'l suffer none, to List among my Troops.
Be. He has one Guard, I fear, that's Misery.
It somthing touches me, but that's not all,
I've an insatiable and burning Love
For Glory; and to fall on a fallen King,
Will much deface the Beauty of my Fame.
Na. We'l serve the King, save him from misery.
Fortune declares her Self his Enemy;
And we will lay him safe out of her way.
He shall enjoy the ease, and pomp of Power,
And we'l endure the danger and the toil.
Be. Ha! 'tis well thought. The King will yield to this.
Na. We'l make it our request.
Be. Do——I agree.
Na. Where is he now?
Be. He is shut in with Grief,

And *Artabasus*, the Old General.

Na. Let us prepare our Friends, and watch our time;

Be. Do—'tis a brave design, to save one King
And beat another; save a ruin'd King,
And beat his Conqueror, ——— then save the World
From both, by Liberty, ——— it will be great ———
——— It will be Glorious ——— we shall be ador'd.

Na. There will be cause, while Glorious Murderers.
Destroy mankind to form a Tyranny
We'l destroy Tyranny to form Mankind.

Be. 'Tis true; how Cruel is it and unjust,
Whole Nations shou'd in Sorrow Live and Die,
That one great Lyon may his Lust enjoy. *Exeunt.*

SCENE *is drawn.*

Darius *is set Musing and Sad,* Artabasus *attending.*

Da. Oh! Why was *Alexander* born for me,
To make my Crown a Misery to me;
Which I have made a Happiness to all.
Tyrants, who spar'd not Heaven and Earth, were spar'd:
How can Man find, what way is to walk,
If Fortune will thus blindly plough up all.

Ar. Come Sir, I pray, do not afflict your self,
You gave your pleasure bounds, limit your grief.
And you, who ne'er broke Law, nor injur'd Man,
Do not break reasons law, in your own wrong.

Da. I'd know my Crimes, that have deserv'd all this.

Ar. I know of none.

Da. Nay, prithee, flatter not.

Ar. Oh! Sir, was ever I a Flatterer?

Da. Never, till now.

Ar. And this is an ill time,
In your Calamity, and my great Age.
For what can you bestow, or I receive?
I've reach'd a Hundred years, now wanting Five.
My Love to Honour, Conscience and my King,

Are

Are all the Appetites, I have to please.
Da. Oh! Why have I all sorts of Miseries?
Ar. Those happen to you, as you are a Man.
For what is a Man? A Congregation
Of disagreeing things; His place of Birth,
A confus'd crowd of fighting Elements,
To nothing fixt, but to Eternal change;
They wou'd all lose their Natures, shou'd they fix.
Da. Why, say they did, were they not better lost
Than kept at such Expence; what does poor Man
Pay for vain Life?
Ar. What's matter what he pays;
Gods did not make this World only for Man.
He's but a parcel o' the Universe;
A fellow Servant with the meanest thing,
To carry on the Service o' the whole,
And pleasure o' the Gods, the Lords of all.
Da. Can human Sorrows be delights to Gods;
Ar. Our Sorrows are not, but our Troubles may,
A Great Man, vanquishing his destiny,
Is a great Spectacle worthy of Gods.
Da. Give me thy Hand; years have not gone by thee,
Like empty idle Vagrants, but like Kings,
And given thee Riches to relieve a King.

Enter an Eunuch.

Eu. Lord *Bessus*, *Nabarzanes*——
Da. Are they here.
Eu. They have been waiting for access some time,
Lord *Memnon*, *Patron* too——
Da. Bring 'em all in.

Enter Bessus, Nabarzanes, Memnon, Patron, Dataphernes, *several* Bactrians.

Da. Oh! Welcome, my brave Friends, come to my Arms,
I'm joy'd to see your safety and your Love;
Follow me now? You are true Friends indeed.
I will complain of Misery no more;

For I perceive it is the great Art of Heaven,
To give us better taste of what we have:
A Friend was ne'r so sweet to me before.
'Tis hard in prosp'rous Fortune to know Friends:
Now I am certain you attend on me,
This is to me my first apparent Court.
Though I've not fought, I've lov'd with great success.
There is no State, in which the bounteous Gods
Have not plac'd Joy, if Men wou'd seek it out;
Well, Sirs, What news? How many have we lost?

Be. Above four hundred thousand, Sir, 'tis said.

Da. Oh! my amazing merciless destiny.

Be. 'Twas not a Battle, but a Massacre.

Na. Oh! Sir, I wish your Sorrows might end here.
But though they'r heavy, as the heart of Man
Has strength to bear, I must enlarge 'em yet.
Your great Lievtenants, Sir, and Governors,
Have flung up all their Towns and Provinces.
Mithrenes has resign'd *Armenia*,
False *Mazeus*, the once Glorious *Babylon*.
The Governor of *Damas* with the Town.
Betray'd the Kingdom.—For, Sir, in that Town
You had lodg'd Wealth enough, to regain all.

Da. Two hundred thousand Talents in coin'd Gold.
In Silver twice the sum; with Diamonds
And Jewels, of inestimable price.

Be. Alas! This was not all the Riches, Sir.
Your Princes, and great Lords, had (as they thought)
There secur'd all the Beauty o' the East,
I mean their lovely Wives, and Daughters, Sir.
And this inhuman Coward betraid 'em all.
That Wives of Princes serv'd the Lusts of Slaves,
And poorest wretches shone in Robes of Kings;
Such Scorn did Fortune throw on this World's Pride.

Da. Oh! my immense boundless Calamities.
Though Iv'e so many thousands lost in Fight,
I must lament that I have lost no more,
Better my Cities mount to Heaven in Fire
Than sink by Cowardly villany to Hell.

And they'r preferr'd who meet with Noble Death,
Above the Villains, who by Treason Reign.
Me. A little Joy were seasonable now.
And I've a little for you, Sir.
Da. Ha! Joy?
Me. The Coward of *Damas*, fled to *Babylon.*
And with his Brother Villain *Mazeus* went
To meet the Enemy, with triumphant pomp.
As if the conquest of their Honesties,
Had been most Honourable Victories.
I heard it wou'd be so, took some brave friends,
And slew 'em both before the Conqueror's Face.
Then brought their Heads away, and there they are.
Da. Oh! brave young Man!—— Now I'm subdued by thee;
I've nothing to reward thy Gallantry,
So thou hast made a Vassal of thy King.
I'm overcome by Enemies and Friends.
Good Gods, for all my Losses, Suff'rings, Wrongs,
Favour my gallant Friends, I'll ask no more.
Ar. Oh! exc'llent Prince! Will the Gods leave a Prince,
To whom they give such pledges of their Love,
I mean such God-like Virtue's and brave Friends?
Da. 'Tis true; Can I despair, and have such Friends?
By you, I'm still a Great and Glorious King,
Able to fight with *Alexander* yet.
And by the Gods, I'le do't, I thought on flight,
The vile Decree with horror I revoke.
Shall I fear any thing while I have you?
And I am sure, there is not in the World,
A danger you wou'd shun like shameful flight.
And shall I lead you on to Infamy?
No, I will shew, I deserve Men so brave,
I will march back, and fight the Enemy.
One blow may scatter all his Victories.
They'r lumber pil'd disorderly in haste.
Pa. Oh! Fortune in this Monarch see thy faults, (*aside.*
And frailties; he'l be great in spite o' thee.
Da. What means this silence in you all, my Lords?
If you have fear, I'm sure it is for me.

Be. Ay, so it is, Great Sir,

Da. So I believe.

But is there any thing to fear, like Shame?
And shall I shamefully desert my Self?
In my own Empire, be a banish'd Man?
Or, like my Traitors to the Conqueror creep,
To be a petty Lord of some poor Town,
And there in safty lock my little Heart?
I charge you, kill me, when I e're devise
Such infamous destruction for your King.
No, I will be a King, or not at all.
My Life and Reign shall have one period.
But if your Resolutions be, like mine;
We will yet give our Sorrows a brave end.
Justice is for us, so may Fortune be.
I'm a bright proof of her inconstancy.
But if no God will lend us any aid,
Let us be Gods, and Fortune to our Selves.
And signalize our Selves by such a Fight,
May shew, at least, we deserve better fates.
——All silent still?——

Ar. Sir, you exceed us all,
As much in Spirit, as in Dignity.
What Soul but yours is not with horror seiz'd,
Viewing the danger that approaches us?
Sir, you deserve the Empire o'the World.
And we'l endeavour, Sir, to deserve you.
Great Sir, go on, and we will follow you.
You have prepar'd us all with Glorious Arms,
With hopes of Victory, and scorn of Death.

Pa. Sir, We are strangers, owe our Birth to *Greece*.
So are free Troops, and may march where we please.
But yet to shew, we fight for Fame, not Pay;
And did not serve your Money, but your Self,
We are all ready to lay down our Lives,
And on our Sepulchres, erect your Throne.
For what a Glory will it be to us,
To make the *Persian* King our Monument?

Da. I look'd, brave *Patron*, for no less from thee.

Now

Now it will be a ſhame if *Perſian* Lords
Let a poor ſtranger in their King's own Court,
Outſhine 'em all, in Love and Loyalty.
Me. The Gods forbid.——Lead on, moſt Royal Sir,
I have ſome wounds require my preſent care,
But, Sir, they will not indiſpoſe me long. *Ex.*
Be. Now ſpeak our Thoughts to him, we are prepar'd.
Na. You ſhew a Courage, Sir, that ſhames your Fate,
Which gives your Crown from your Deſcent and Right.
But what has made Heaven bluſh, ſhall make you bleed.
Fate plots your ruine by your Gallantry.
Alas! we are not now, as we have been,
A Sea of Men, that delug'd the whole Earth,
Swallowed the Rivers, devour'd Nature's Store,
Emptied the ſpacious veſſel o' the World.
More than the grasp o' Providence cou'd hold;
That down we fell in heaps, now 'tis not ſo.
We may be numbred now; all we can do
Is but to gain ſome pity for our ſelves,
And Honourably throw away our King.
Brave Men ſcorn Death, but yet they value Life;
Becauſe their Lives are uſeful to the World.
It is enough——too much,——Danger and Death
Follow us faſt, let us not follow them.
Sir, I moſt humbly move (Heaven knows my Soul,
In tenderneſs to you, not to our ſelves;)
Retreat with us, to neighb'ring *Bactria.*
Sir, there are endleſs Foreſts of brave Youth,
Whence in few days we will have rods enow,
To ſcourge the *Macedonian* pride to death.
But then we beg you'l make one more retreat.
Da. Whither?
Na. Sir, out of the Dominion
Of your ill Planets.——
Da. Ha!——What doſt thou mean?
Na. Sir, we dare fight with Men, but not with Heaven:
And all the Gods appear your Enemies.
What if you hid in privacy and eaſe?
It wou'd be pious reverence to Heaven,

And a brave conqueſt over your own Mind.
Let none ſubdue *Darius* but himſelf.
Fling up awhile to th' importuning ſtorm,
Some of your Dignity to ſave the reſt.
And make your Court to Heaven, and all brave Men,
By honouring the favourite of both,
Lord *Beſſus*, with the Sovereign power.

Da. How now?———

Na. Nay, Sir, but for a while, till he has lur'd
Gods, and revolting Nations to your aid.
He is ador'd by Men, obey'd by Gods.
They all obſerve his Will, they'l not deny
Your Crown to him, and when 'tis in his hand,
He'l faithfully return it to your Self.

Da. Oh! Villain! moſt amazing, impudent,
And cowardly Villain! haſt thou watch'd thy time,
When Treaſon may be inſolent and ſafe?
And to my Face abuſe me, unchaſtis'd?——
No, Traytor.———

Da. *Draws*———Beſſus *and his Men interpoſe, and hold the King.*

Be. Hold, Sir, do not hurt your Self.

Da. Ha! I am ſeiz'd and threatned——Are you all
In this conſpiracy?

Pa. No, I am not———Pa. *and the* Greeks *draw.*

Be. Hold, *Patron*, hold——hold all, that love the King.
He will receive no hurt, except from you;
Our Blood is his, perhaps his vital Blood.
In me you'l cut whole Nations from his aid.

Na. Before we ſpoke, we did conſider well
The ſtrength, both of our Reaſon, and our Swords.

Ex. Be. Na.

Da. Ha! Was this *Beſſus?*

Pa. Sir, Will you bear this?
By Heavens, I wou'd rather endure the Swords
Of theſe bold Villains, than their impudence.

Da. It ſtunn'd me, but I now recover Senſe.
Brave *Patron*, follow me; follow me all.
Though my hard Fortune will not ſuffer me

To conquer Kings, I'll be more like a God.
I will defend all Kings, even thoſe unborn.
By the reward theſe Villains ſhall receive,
Their dire confuſion ſhall be the defence
Of Kings and Kingdoms, forty Ages hence.
Ar. Oh! he is running to his certain death.
Oh! Sir.—— —— (Ar. *falls at the King's Feet.*
Da. What doſt thou mean?
Ar. Pity your Self——
Your Friends, your Children; you will ruin all.
Da. Will none ſtand by me then?
Pa. Yes, Sir; we will.
Da. De'e ſee? Oh! Shame! More Love, more Loyalty,
In this brave Stranger, than in all my Friends;
Whom I have made more rich, than all his *Greece*?
Come, *Patron*, bring thy *Greeks*, they'r ſtrength enough.
Ar. Oh! If you'l go to ruin, paſs through me,
My life has long been uſeleſs to myſelf.
I ſhall abhor it, when 'tis ſo to you,
And, nor my Sword, nor Counſel can prevail.
Da. Oh! How am I beſet? the Enemy
Is at my Back, my Friends fly in my Face?
Ar. Oh! Sir, I ſpeak my Loyal Care of you,
The Enemy is near, your Army ſmall;
The *Macedonian* was too great a weight
For us to bear, when we had Millions.
Alas, What ſhall this little Body do?
When you have maim'd it too? and have cut off
Its ſtrongeſt limbs? for ſo theſe Great Men are.
Da. They are cut off from all their love to me.
Ar. Indeed, Sir, I believe, their meaning good.
They have ſtood bravely by you, Sir, till now;
Stood ſtronger than the Walls of *Babylon*:
For they are fallen in ſhame by baſe revolt.
If they meant well, pardon their erring love.
Do not deſtroy 'em for ſome kind miſtakes.
If they be bad, Mercy may change their Hearts.
Da. Do what you will; for all muſt Reign but I.
Oh! My misfortunes.

Ar. Pray, Sir, do not grieve.

Da. Nay, prithee, if I may not be a King,
Yet let me be the Mourner of a King,
I am all the Mourners that my death shall have.

Ar. Then am I false?

Da. No——pardon me, good Man.

Pa. Who can pretend to Honor, or a Soul,
And not be touch'd with such a Princes wrong?

Ar. 'Tis true, then can the Men, he has oblig'd
Conspire to wrong him? if they had the Thought,
I doubt not but they will abhor themselves;
And I shall fling 'em at his Feet in tears.

Pa. Or, by the Gods, I'l fling 'em there in Blood.

Da. Oh! how shall I reward thee, noble *Greek*?
Well, it is possible they may mean well.
Then, on submission I will pardon 'em,
And take 'em to my Favour yet; for I
Fear more to do injustice than to dye, (*Ex.*

Pa. Come, my brave Countrymen, stand to your Arms;
And let us shew what a true Soldier is:
He's no Mechanique Slave, that sells his breath,
But a just generous Lord, of life and death.
Not a wild Beast, that knows no Law, but Lust;
He destroys beastial Men, or makes 'em just.
The Cut-throat does a Soldiers name prophane,
Pretending to be more, he's less a Man;
The worse for Reason, by that Artful tool,
More hurtful than a Beast, he kills by Rule.
But the true Soldier does Mankind create,
By forcing Reason on a brutal State.
When Oaths are Wind, and Laws but childish Rods,
The Soldier comes, like Thunder, from the Gods. (*Ex.*

SCENE, *A Room in the Palace*, Barzana *sate melancholy, attending to a Song. Somtimes weeping,*——Oronte *waits.*

Pa. Oh miserable me!

Or. Astonishment in everlasting Sighs, Complaints, and Tears?
This must not be, it leads her from her Sense

Madam

Madam—! She minds me not—Madam—I beg?—
You will not always listen to your Griefs,
But to your Friends sometimes.
Ba. Trouble me not.
Or. Madam, you are a trouble to your self.
Ba. Be gone, I'de be alone.
Or. I wou'd you were.
But you associate with a cruel Grief,
That does return your kindness very ill.
You grace a Melancholy that devours
The Beauties, whence it has its wondrous Grace.
Nay, Madam, it is dangerous to your life.
You neither eat, nor drink, nor take repose.
You go to Bed for liberty to weep;
And the Night leaves you, as she found you, in tears,
Day dries not up that Dew, you only breath
To sigh, and not to live. Your Reason wasts,
You see not, hear not, mind not any thing.
Somtimes your Fancy hunts a thousand things,
But e're they'r found, alas your Fancy's lost.
Ba. Thou wilt be troublesome, but thou mean'st well;
Therefore I pardon thee; How tyr'd am I
With sitting, and till now, I knew it not?
Come, let us walk?
Or. Where will you please to walk?
Ba. I know not where.
Or. Abroad in the fresh Air?
Ba. No, I shall be disturb'd with company.
Or. Then in the Gallery?
Ba. No, it wants Air.
Or. Then in the Grove?
Ba. I will not walk at all.
Fetch me a Book, I'le read——let it alone——
Go call the Musique back again——no, stay——
It was too noisy; a soft gentle Lute
Wou'd please me better.——But another time——
How ill you dress me, Sir?
Or. Dear Madam, Why?
Ba. I'm cumber'd with a thousand needless things.

Art need not ſtudy vanity for us;
We have too much from Nature.
Or. Will you pleaſe
To change your dreſs?
Ba. Then you will be a toil.
Wou'd I cou'd change myſelf
For any thing beſides.
Or. She weeps again.
Ba. I'le to my Cloſet——no, I will abroad.
Releaſe me quickly from the ſlavery
Of all this formal, and ſuperfluous dreſs.
The World's in War——I'le be an Amazon——
Tye back my Hair, but not with any Art——
Come —— a ſhort Robe——lay naked my right Arm.
A Javelin there ſhou'd be the only grace.
My Horſe!—my Horſe!—Oh! I am preſt to death——
Under your earthy ſloth. Oh! you good Gods!
That I were now among the Warriors,
Gaining Eternal Honors to myſelf.
Eternal Honors?——No —— Eternal Shame,——
Shewing my Follies, as I madly do.
——Oh! I am curs'd —— curs'd—by ſome angry Power,
That makes a fooliſh and vile thing o' me,
And then expoſes that to ſhame for me.
Gods, if you'l take my Reaſon, take my Life,
Leave me not Senſe, only to feel my Grief.
Or. Oh! Madam, Madam, in all reverence
To your Command and Will, I've born your Griefs
Till they have torn your Reaſon, and my Heart.
I muſt aſſault 'em now.——And on my knees
I humbly beg you will diſcover 'em.
Ba. Away, away.
Or. No, Madam, pardon me
I will pay all obedience to your ſelf.
But, oh! no more to your diſtractions.
Ba. Be gone, I ſay.
Or. I will not, cannot, go.
Ba. Thou doſt not know, how troubleſome thou art,
And to what little purpoſe, ſhou'd I tell

My

My griefs to thee, it wou'd increase 'em more;
Or. You know not that, you have a noble Mind.
But at the present 'tis not in your power.
My little Counsels now may aid you more.
Be not so faithful to your Misery;
Betray it to me.
Ba. 'Tis impossible.
Oh! I cou'd easier rip my Bosom up,
And shew the Sun my naked Heart, than thee.
Or. I do not think the dangers o' your Lord——
Ba. Ay, there it is——
Or. No, you are cold to him.
Oh! there is somthing more, and I must know.
Ba. Well, I will tell thee.
Or. Do.——
Ba. Another time.
Or. When t'is too late——consider what you do.
I know y'have so much kindness for your Lord,
You wou'd be loth wholly to lose his Heart;
And there's a beauteous *Amazonian* Queen
By whom Lord *Bessus* has a Noble Son.——
Ba. Undone! Undone! Thou hast discover'd me.
Or. Discover'd what?
Ba. As if you did not find.
Or. Madam, I swear I know not what you mean.
Ba. You know too much. Had I a Dagger here,
I'de lock thy Bosom to Eternity.
Or. I wish you had, and it were in my Breast,
If any ill has hapned to your Self.
Ba. She takes a pleasure to repeat my Shame.
Or. Your Shame?—Your Shame, de'e say?
Ba. My Hell——nay, worse——
Shame is a torment which the damn'd know not.
The damn'd have darkness to conceal their Shame.
But mine will suddenly break out to light,
I cannot bear the torment of my Love.
Or. Oh! now your Sorrows shew their mournful Face.
You love——your Husband's Son.
Ba. No more——no more,

I tremble at the thought — I'm ſick to death,
If the word Love but touch my Tongue, or Ear.
'Tis Sin to talk of Sin.

Or. Your Love's no Sin.
It is your Glory, now you vanquiſh it.

Ba. I do not, do not, cannot vanquiſh it.
I dare not truſt myſelf, with Love or Life.
I'le ſeek out death by all the ways I can.

Or. Hold, Madam, hold———

Ba. Why? Am I fit to live?

Or. If you be not, you are leſs fit to dye.

Ba. Death ends my Sin.

Or. Murther increaſes it.

Ba. It will be Juſtice on an impious wretch.
I'le thruſt all Hell into one painful hour.
And then, good Heaven (I hope) will claim no more.

(*Exit*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Enter Darius, Artabazus, *Guards.*

Ar. OH! Sir! the Men are good and penitent;
And brave as good; and I shall see you yet
As Happy, Great, and Glorious as ever.

Da. No, *Artabazus*, no, my Queen is dead.
I never can be happy in this World.
But I wou'd give my Kingdom happiness.
Go, call 'em in———

Enter Bessus *and* Nabarzanes, *who prostrate themselves before the King, and weep.*

Be. Oh! Great and Gracious King
Oh! infinite is our confusion,
We humbly beg you will regard our tears———
We can express our Grief no other way.

Da. Indeed, I do not know what to regard,
Nor what you are——you seem so strange to me,
I think you are my Subjects, are you not?

Na. Yes, Sir, and faithful ones, whate're we seem.

Da. A Subject without terror of his *King*,
Is an unnatural thing in *Persia*.
You are portentous Omens of my death.

Be. Oh! narrow World! a Virtue that exceeds
The common size, appears portentous here.
The World is fallen on your Sacred Head,
And now we cannot stand on forms of State,
But we must get you out what way we can.
And, Sir, indeed we thought this was the best.
But now, because 'twas bold, it appears bad.

Da. What cou'd befal me worse, than what you sought,
Tamely to yield my Crown, at your demand,
And serve my Slaves? nothing can throw me down,
So low as that, but my own cowardize:
I will not yield the Conqueror my Crown,
I'le rather singly fight with all his Troops;
For by 'em all I can be kill'd but once.
But yield my Crown I suffer many deaths,
In my own Shame, and my dear Childrens Tears,

Who then, no more are Children of a King.
And wou'd you wish me cowardly, infamous,
And cruel to my Children?——Oh! Is this
Your kindness to me? You ingrateful Men.
Oh! Who wou'd not ha' thought you were my Friends?
Who wou'd ha' thought you cou'd be otherwise?
For I beset you with my Favours so,
No Hearts, but yours, cou'd scape from loving me.
And now for you to hurt your King, and Friend?
And at that time when I am prest to death,
Under a fallen Throne, a ruin'd House,
My Mother, Brother, little only Son,
Both my sweet Daughters in captivity,
And my Queen dead?

Na. Oh! Sir —— No more—— no more ——

Be. Yes, Sir, Go on, go on, and break our Hearts.
For we desire to dye, since we grieve you.

Da. You deserve it for your cruelty.
Had you by private Treasons stollen my life ——
You had shewn more Humanity, than now;
For then I had not felt the barb'rous blow;
That had shewn Reverence, call'd me a Dread King;
This calls me Fool and Coward to my Face.
I shew'd no fear o' the brave enemy,
Why shou'd you think I wou'd be seiz'd by you?

Na. We did not hope to work upon your Fear.
We know you have no Fear, but on your Love.
We know you have a truly Royal Soul,
That love your People with paternal Love,
And we petition'd, Sir, for all our Lives
Which hourly perish by your destiny.

Be. Yes, Sir, 'tis plain; while you are in the Field
We fall in heaps; you are no sooner gone,
But as your Chariot wheels turn'd Heaven round,
Success is ours, and the whole day is chang'd.
And we wou'd fix our Fortune to your Crown,
Your dangers to our Heads; in off'ring this
We have discharg'd our Duties, and can dye.

Na. Nay, wish to dye, to ease you of your fears;
Better we dye, than you shou'd want repose:
We pray not for our Lives, Sir, but your Love.

Da. Oh! now you vanquish me, come to my Arms——
Be. Oh! excellent King.
Na. Too Good—too Gracious.
Da. I will not sacrifice great things to vile
Men, good and gallant to revenge and fear.
No, do your Duty, Sirs, and I'le do mine.
Leave the dispose of Crowns to Kings and Gods.
Preserve your Honours, that's enough for you.
Conquer a Conqueror, not a fallen King.
And your own King, you want no Enemies;
Oh! make not any for your selves by crimes.
The *Macedonian* King pursues us fast—
And I perhaps shall perish by his Sword,
That you may spare the guilt of murd'ring me.
Be. Oh! Horror! Do you think we have the thought?
Na. Oh! you suspect us, that is worse than death.
Da. No—no—I only counsel you in love——
For you possess my Heart, though I've lost yours.
Be. Oh! say not so.
Da. I hope, 'tis otherwise.
Na. But you believe it not.
Da. Well, I ha' done.
Be what you seem, and all shall be forgot.
And what we do, lets do like gallant Men.
Who bravely fall have this one happiness,
Above the Conqueror, they share his Fame,
And have more Love, and an unenvied Name. (*Ex.* Da Ar. *Guards.*
Na. This was the only way to vanquish him.
I found we cou'd not gain the *Persians*,
I often talked to 'em of Liberty.
Alas! they understood not what I meant,
For in the *Persian* Tongue is no such word.
They answer'd nothing, but the King, the King;
His Sacred Majesty, long live the King,
That mighty comprehensive word, the King,
Had all the Sense a *Persian* Thought cou'd hold.
So I thought this our only secure way,
We cou'd not fight the *Greeks* and *Persians.*
Be. Now I cou'd easier have fought 'em both,
Than stoop'd to all this base Hypocrisie,

I think 'tis harder to subdue him now,
Than if he had his Millions at his heels.
For Sovereign Power springs out o' the Sword.
If I had conquer'd him in a fair Fight,
I had both gain'd his Kingdom and his Right.
Now on our Selves, and our brave Friends we fall
And turn 'em into Fools and Villains all.
Glory I court, and I wou'd have my Love
Fair and complete, as She's enjoy'd by *Jove*.

Na. And so you will; *Jove* did for Empire frame
A World of Fools and Knaves, we do the same.
Were there no Knaves, what use of Sovereign sway?
And if there were no Fools, Who wou'd obey? *Ex.*

SCENE, *Another Apartment in the Palace. Enter* Bar. *and* Or.

Ba. Now I have told the secrets of my Heart,
I have much eas'd my Heart; it is more cool,
My Reason does begin to come in play;
Though I find great misfortune in my Love,
I have this comfort, there is no great guilt.
I lov'd the Son, e're I the Father saw.
It pleas'd the Gods, (I know not for what sin)
In the great Field, at the *Cilician* Streights,
First to begin the dreadful day on me.
Darted into my Eyes, into my Soul,
The shining, the confounding killing charms
Of the most Noble Youth, they ever form'd.
At the first sight of him my Soul dissolv'd.
It was some time e're I had breath to speak.
At length I hid my Face, and whisp'ring you,
Bid you enquire, who that Commander was.

Or. You did; I thought 'twas Curiosity,
And gave you information.

Ba. To my Joy.
He quickly rode away out o' my sight.
But left such strong impressions on my Soul.
Though many thousands fell before my Face,
The day was lost; nay, my own liberty,
I saw it not, *Memnon* was in my Eye.
But oh! my misery soon waken'd me;
And then I shriek'd, more out of fear, For

For *Memnon* than my Self; for I deſpair'd
To ſee him more, except amongſt the dead.
As we were led over our ſlaughter'd Friends,
Envying their gory mangled Carkaſſes,
The ſame brave Youth, whom I had in my Heart,
Came ſhining once again into my Eye,
With new, and brighter ſplendors than before;
For he brought Honour, Conqueſt, Liberty.
Diſpers'd the Enemy, as Winds do Sand,
And quickly made free paſſage for my flight.
You muſt remember it, for you were there
In the ſame Chariot with me.

Or. Yes, I was,
And ſo was he, I think.

Ba. What do you mean?

Or. I'm ſure his Eye was, and I think, his Heart.

Ba. Away—but if it was, ſo much the worſe,
For then his miſery wou'd be like mine.

Or. Wou'd it afflict you to be lov'd by him:

Ba. Yes, to his grief; elſe 'twou'd extremely pleaſe.

Or. I know not if he loves, this I am ſure,
He was your Guard, your Beauty was his Guide.
For all the way he by your Chariot rode
His Eye did never fail to follow yours,
His Tongue ſaid little, but his Looks ſaid much.
Indeed that was no time or place for talk.
Our Ears were with a thouſand noiſes fill'd;
Ay, and our Hearts too with a thouſand fears.
Alas! This ſhort ſucceſs was only lent,
Fortune did ſoon demand her Favours back:
The Enemy purſued; the gallant Youth
Was forc'd to turn on them, and you to fly.

Ba. Oh! I fled ſlowly, with a heavy Heart.
A thouſand times did I turn back my Eye,
Ay, and I think as oft my Chariot,
Wiſhing to ſee him come a Conqueror.
But 'twas in vain to ſtay, the night came on;
So I went forwards, and let Fortune drive;
Who led me to Eternal Miſery,
In the firſt place, where I my ſafety ſought.
There with the King, Lord *Beſſus* lay conceal'd,

Who

Who at firſt ſight o' me, flam'd out with Love,
And begg'd in me his ruine o' the King.
Or. Why did you not inform the King your love?
Ba. I did, in what I cou'd, bluſhes and tears.
But the word Love I had not power to ſpeak.
Or. Oh! fatal Modeſty! But ſee, my Lord.
Ba. Oh! my diſorders will diſcover me.
What can I ſay, why I as yet a Bride,
Have all the Sorrow of a captive Slave? *Enter* Beſſus.
Be. Madam, may I approach?
Ba. My Lord, you know
You are a Sovereign here.
Be. I have ſome right.
But Grief uſurps my room; I cann't bear
A Rival in my Bed.
Ba. Rival, my Lord?———
Be. That is my Rival ſure that ſhares with me,
And I methinks have the leaſt part in you.
What Favours I receive, you rather give
To Marriage Vows than Me. Thoſe Cherubims
Are not for Idols, but for Ornaments:
To grace Love's Altars, not to be ador'd.
Madam, you may believe it troubled me,
To be excluded thus my Joy and Right.
I wou'd not very tamely yield it up.
I have been ſearching for my Enemy,
And I believe I have th' Offender found.
Ba. What does he ſay——— (*aſide.*
Be. Madam, I call to mind
When we laſt parted, news was brought to me,
My Son was come; his Name diſorder'd you.
Ba. Undone!——Undone!——I am betraid—— (*aſide.*
Be. 'Tis ſo.
My Son! *My* Son.
Ba. Your Son? What of your Son?
Be. Undoes me; your confuſion ſhews it plain.
Ba. In what confuſion am I?
Be. All your Face
Flames with a bluſh; your breath goes thick and ſhort.
Your Speech wou'd ſcarcely falter more in death.
Ba. Fetch me a Dagger. (*aſide.*
Be. I'le remove this Grief.
I le ſend for him, and ſtab him in your ſight.
Ba. Oh! Horror! Horror! Hold! You ſhall know all.
Be. Oh! I know all, and will remove it all.
Madam, you very highly injure me.
Ba. I do not——do not.
Be. Oh! you do.

Ba. In what?
Be. I here invoke the Gods.
Ba. And so do I.
Be. Tear out my Heart, if it be false to you?
Ba. Have you suspicion, I am false to you?
Be. No Madam, no, but you have entertain'd
Causeless suspicion of my Truth to you.
Not that my humble Heart is worth your Care,
But your own Merit is; you are enrag'd,
Your Royal Birth, and Divine Excellence,
Which may deserve to have more Heavens than one,
Gain not the entire Heart of one poor Slave.
But you are triumph'd over by the Queen.
Because I shew some fondness of her Son.
Ba. Oh! I am scap'd! Shame and Death threatned me—— (*aside.*
And then rode by far far out of their way.
He thinks my Grief is jealousie of him.
Be. Come, *Madam*, throw the Queen out of your Thoughts,
For I'le assure you she is far from mine.
I never lov'd her in her softest Youth.
Nature indeed had given her charms for Love;
But the embraces of the wanton Wind,
And Suns hot Kisses had debauch'd 'em all.
And they were all the Kisses She endur'd.
She must perform the Office of her Sex,
Or have no Heirs to her Renown and Throne.
So our embrace was but a Bed Cabal.
More for a State, than amorous intrigue.
Love did but little in the whole Affair,
The Gods did all; therefore the gallant Youth
Is like a God, and therefore lov'd by me.
I know you'd love him, if you saw him once,
Which you shall do, and let him kiss your hands.
Run for my Son—— (*to Cu*
Ba. I will not see his Face.
He's setting his own House all in a flame—— (*aside.*
When it already burns in smothering fire.
Be. Oh How disturb'd She is? cou'd I believe
A trouble to thy Hear shou'd delight mine?
This is a mark of love, but th' only one
I do not wish to have.—— lay it aside.
And let all three love. I must confess
My Son is a record of my past Love,
But he's so fair a one——
I'm very sure if you beheld him once
You wou'd be loth he shou'd be blotted out.
Ba. With what a pleasing Dream he is deceiv'd? (*Asi*
W

Whose Sleep is all his ease, let him dream on
Nay, I am told your Son, your Son's a gallant *Man*.
And I am troubled that I cannot give
His Merit, the reception it deserves.
Be. Why not, my Love? you may, if I consent.
Ba. I'le not consent to an undecent thing,
And so it is t'encourage vicious Love.
Such was your kindess for the *Amazon* Queen.
Be. Thy Virtue is too nice.
Ba. Nay, I'm content
You love and favour him.
Be. A thousand Thanks
Ba. But do not let him come into my sight.
Be. Well, dearest, you shall see, the Divine power
You have o'r me, that the least sigh of yours
Can shake the Universe from under me.
My *Memnon* is to me, a World of Joy,
He offends you, and vanishes for ever.
Ba. Oh! now I grieve: ——— (*aside.*
Be. What say you, do you grieve?
Ba. O'r-heard? —— (*aside.*
Be. Oh! this is kind, now he shall go. *Enter* Memnon.
Ba. I see him, Oh? I tremble, burn and faint,
I cannot stay, or go——— (*aside.*
Be. See see, I swear.
The very sight of him distempers her.
You shall not see him, love, away, away,
A thousand Thanks for all this tender love. (*Ex.* Ba. Or.
Come hither, *Memnon*, thou wert once my All,
And still thou art a most dear part o' me.
I tell thee this, 'cause I'm to lose thee soon.
And I would make our parting soft to thee
What e're it is to me. I am compell'd
To banish thee for ever from my sight.
Me. Compell'd to banish me?——Alas, my Lord,
I fear my Loyalty displeases you.
I have heard dreadful news about the King.
Oh! I have wept, and rav'd, and torn my Hair,
And curs'd my Birth, now doubly infamous,
First, by my Mothers sin, and now by yours.
Be. You know not what you say, I had great aims.
I saw the Kingdom fall.
Me. Had Heaven fallen,
And you had done your Duty, you had stood.
Be. 'Tis true, I sallied out beyond my bounds
But 'twas to serve the King.
Me. He serves him best
Who keeps his Post. Obedience was yours

Be. No more o'this; if the King pardons me,
Sure you may do't.
Me. Oh! is the King ſo good?
And after that, can you forgive your ſelf?
Be. Ha done!
Me. I ſhall——but let me do you firſt
What Services I can; and ſet you free
From all Temptations you may have from me.
Perhaps you think a Crown may delight me.
Oh! I wou'd rather have my Head be cleft
In my King's Service, than by Treaſon Crown'd.
Let but my Sword command the ſpots of Earth,
On which I fight to Guard his Crown and Life,
And Nobler Fortune I will ne're deſire.
The Gods be prais'd, there I have Lordſhips yet.
And let us all preſerve our Loyalty,
Then our true Glory lives, though our Pomp dies,
For that is Vanity; now I have done.
I'le make but one Requeſt, then take my leave.
Be. What's that?
Me. To chuſe the place of my Exile.
Be. Where's that?
Me. In the Fair Arms of one I Love.
Be. And who is ſhe?
Me. I know not, wou'd I did.
It was my Fate at the *Cilician* Streights,
To give her Liberty, and loſe my own.
Be. Didſt thou make no enquiry of her Name?
Me. I found her grac'd with all perfections,
And theſe I think are Names enow for one.
They took up all my thoughts, and all my time;
Which was not much, for ſoon we were purſu'd,
I was compell'd to face the Enemy,
I had the honour of the Victory,
But loſt the beſt Reward, the ſight of her;
For ſhe was fled away; and from that hour
I ſaw her not till now.
Be. Where ſaw you her?
Me. Here in this Palace.
Be. Here? my Wife lives here—— [*Aſide.*

When did you see her?

Me. Not a minute past.

Be. Oh! how I tremble? this must be my wife. [*Aside.*

Was no one with her?

Me. Yes, your self, my Lord.

Be. Infernal horrours! [*Aside.*

Me. Ha! he is disturb'd——

Be. Oh! he has stab'd me, sleeping in my Bed,
And waken'd me in Hell. Past all dispute
Her secret sorrow is a Love for him.
I've been solliciting for my own shame.
'Tis so!——'tis so!——my Son has whor'd my Wife,
H'as whor'd her in her Soul, and that's enough.
I'le rip him up, and carry her his Heart.
Hold! he is Innocent, and she may be.
Shall I skin o're my Wound, with that may be?
And probe no farther? no 'twill fester then.
Oh! better see her once in the foul Act,
And so conclude my Torment, and her Sin,
Than see her hourly sinning in my thoughts.

Me. My Lord, I fear, I love not as I shou'd.
For I perceive it discomposes you,
Though you in tenderness conceal my fault:
Pray let me know it, I will freely part
With all the Joys I have, to pleasure you.

Be. Oh! noble Youth! sure I am safe from him, [*Aside.*
But not from my own thoughts; I cannot bear
Thorns in my Bed, if I have torment there
Where shall I rest? no, I must search it well.
No, Son, I only doubt your good success.
Had you any Encouragement?

Me. I thought I had.

Be. 'Tis done!—th' Adultery's finish'd o' her part. [*Aside.*
So is her Life——*Memnon*——you have my leave
To make this Beauty yours be who she will.

Me. My Lord, I never can requite this Love,
Because you fight against your self for me,
For I see great contention in your thoughts.

Be. 'Tis over now; go in, you'l find her there. [*Ex.* Me.
Oh! *Memnon*! now I wish thy Vertue strong.

For

For if you mingle Smiles, you mingle Blood.

As Bessus *is stealing after* Memnon, Nabarzanes *enters.*

Na. My Lord——my Lord——
Be. Whose that? I'm employ'd.
Na. I've Business for you that concerns your Life.
Be. I'm busied in concerns above my Life.
Na. Well let 'em be of more Concern than Heaven,
You shall abandon 'em, and go with me.
Patron the *Greek*, has been among our Troops,
Discover'd our designs, and told the King.
Be. Wou'd *Patron* were in Hell.
Na. He shall be worse.
For, head your Troops, he shall be in our Power.
Be. I'le come immediately.
Na. Immediately?
What Business have you here, but with your Wife?
Do you prefer a Kiss above a Crown,
And all the Lives and Fortunes of your Freinds?
Then I believe *Patron* had this from you,
And you have sold us all.
Be. Who, I?
Na. Yes, you.
Your Wife, and You, the Cause and the World Sink,
I'le save my self; Farewel.
Be. Hold——hold——I go——
Oh! you have wrong'd me.
Na. Shew it in the Field.
Be. I will, but I shall perish——go or stay.
Stay, and the Hangman's Sword falls on my head.
Go, my Wife's Whor'd——aside——oh! curs'ed troubled World,
Where nothing without Sorrow can be had,
And 'tis not easy to be Good or Bad.
For Horrour attends Evil——Sorrow Good,
Vice Plagues the Mind, and Vertue Flesh and Blood. [*Ex.*

ACT IV.

SCENE The Field.

Enter Darius, Artabasus, Patron, *Guards.*

Ar. OH! have I sav'd Villains to kill my King?
Da. No more, no more, I know thy honest thoughts.
Oh! my dear Children, now a long farewell.
To all my Glory now a long farewel.
Nay, oh! my Fate, I must for ruine fight,
Cyrus and *Alexander*, did not shew
More Courage, to be Lords o'the whole World,
Than I must do to have no share in it.
For if these Villains Perish by my Sword,
I cut off all the Army that I have.
And I, the once Great Monarch of the World,
Shall want a Cave, where I may hide my head.
But Justice will be best for all Mankind.
I'le shew that I deserve the World I lose.
Pa. I must entreat your leave for one word more.
Alas! I sooner shall have leave from you
Than from my self; for every word I speak
That grieves your heart, stabs mine, yet I must speak,
There's scarce a faithful man in all your Camp.
Da. What dost thou say? are all the *Persians* false?
Pa. They are as true to you, as to themselves.
But as in danger they have always done,
So they do now, forsake you and themselves.
Da. Ha! do they joyn the Traytors?
Pa. Oh! Sir, no.
They joyn with nothing but confounding fear;
And that they meet with whereso'e're they go,
Terrours beset 'em. *Alexander* comes,
And here the Traytors boldly threaten 'em.
They who had any Life in 'em, are fled,
And they that stay are held by Cowardise,
They have not Soul enough, even for flight.

Ar.

Ar. He has told Truth which I was loath to ſpeak.
We may as well force men into a Camp,
From Sick and Dying as from wanton Beds.
From Plagues as Luxury, a flattering Peſt.
Da. Oh! *Alexander*, where wou'd be thy Fame,
Hadſt thou my Army? well may'ſt thou ſubdue
Kingdoms, by Men who merit to be Kings;
For mine do not deſerve the name of men.
Pa. Sir, one word, more, and then I ſhall have done.
Not far from hence, I have four thouſand *Greeks*.
We march'd to *Perſia*, fifty thouſand men;
Did ever *Greek* forſake you, but by Death?
Alas! Sir, now we cannot if we wou'd.
For in your Service we have fought our ſelves,
Out of our Blood, our Country, and our Friends.
There is no *Bactria*, no *Greece* for us,
Your Royal Self is now our ſole retreat,
We humbly beg, for all our Services,
No greater Honour, than to be your Guard.
Ar. Sir, he deſires an Honour, he deſerves,
And what may be of mighty uſe to you.
His *Greeks* will be a Bulwark to your ſelf,
And all your Men, give 'em new Courage.
Sir, grant him his requeſt.
Da. Not for the World!
A Glorious King ſhou'd ever more regard
The Honourable Counſels than the ſafe.
In my own Camp be a poor Fugitive?
To my own Nation a Forreigner?
To Forreigners a little Penſioner?
Have no Authority, but what they give?
And ſo deſcend from being a *Perſian* King,
To be a petty Lord of a few *Greeks*.
The Traytors then will ſay they fight a *Greek*,
And I ſhall give 'em Colour for their Crimes.
No, I'le not fall by any fault of mine.
I'le not forſake my Friends: if they quit me,
The fault's not mine; and I had rather fall
By Royal Charity to my own Slaves,
Than Reign, by Stranger's Charity to me.

Patron,

Patron, a thousand thanks, I will accept
The Service of thy Sword, but not this way.
Go to thy Noble *Greeks*, and serve me there,
And Heaven reward thy Love, and Gallantry.
Pa. Heaven be your Guard, I fear y'ave little else,
Besides what you shall ever find in me.
Da. Thou Honour of thy Nation, shame to mine. [*Ex.* Pa.
Now put my men in readiness to fight,
And then command the Traytors to my Feet.
If they dare disobey——fall on——— [*An Alarm.*
How now?
Ar. What shou'd this mean? [*Ex.* Ar.
Da. They make the first assault.
My Chariot speedily——the news——the news.

Enter Artabazus.

Ar. Sir, the Vantguard of *Alexander's* Troops
Is in your Camp.
Da. Two Enemies at once,
Thou fight the Rebells, and I'le fight the King———
[*Ex.* Da. Ar. *a great cry, Alarm and disorder within, and Enter* Darius *stopping the flying* Persians.
Da. For shame! for shame, you Cowards! quit your King?
And fly from sound; this is a false Alarm
The Traytors made, by *Alexander's* Name
To frighten you from me. Fly from his Name!
How will you meet his Sword? but, by my Life,
You shall encounter with his Sword or mine.

Enter Artabazus.

Ar. Oh! Sir, a Cheat! a Cheat!
Da. I know it well.
How many of our Men may be dispers't?
Ar. Sir, almost all; y'ave not a hundred left.
And now the Traytors have surrounded you,
Have interpos'd between the *Greeks* and you,
And are in a great body drawing down.

Da.

Da. Then it is time. { *The King offers to kill himself, but is held by* Ar.
Ar. Hold, Sir.
Da. Now I reflect.
This Crime belongs only to Regicides.
Why shou'd I take their Guilt upon my self?
I ne're yet stain'd my Sword with Innocent Blood,
Why shou'd I do it in my dying hour?
Ar. Oh! mournful hour!—oh! wou'd you had receiv'd
The Gallant Offer of the Noble *Greek.*
You had been safe as in a Tower of Steel.
Da. Not from my self; it wou'd ha' stab'd my heart.
To beg poor Life, from a few wandring *Greeks.*
Alas! from them I cou'd ha' had no more.
Ar. No doubt the *Persians* wou'd have followed you.
Da. I'm better follow'd now, and more secure.
I'm safe from the Dishonour and the Crime,
Of quitting them, or doing any thing
That may deserve my miserable fall.
The thought brings many comforts to my Soul.
Ar. A dreadful fall indeed! how have I seen
A hundred Nations follow you to Wars!
Follow! Adore you. Now your only Guards
Are a few Eunuchs, and a weak old man.
And you, who oft have rode on Golden Gods,
Are trod on now, by every little Slave:
Da. Oh! these are many Darts, and they're all keen.
Yet did they only light upon my self,
My pain wou'd be no more, than if they fell
On a dead part; for in my Queen I'm dead.
But in my Children and my Friends I live.
Oh! there my Sence is quick, my Torments sharp.
Prithee dear *Artabazus*, when I'm dead,
Go to my Mother, Children, all my Friends,
And tell 'em how I fought, and how I mourn'd,
My Courage, Honour, and my Love to them
Stuck to me the last; but nothing else,
I give 'em cause to Mourn, but not to Blush.
Ar. Oh! Sir, you rather give 'em cause of pride,
Men and the mir'd, not prais'd for Happiness.
Vertue's Lustre, Pomp is but a shew.

That

That pleaſes Gods, This Women, Fools, and Boys,
You conquer'd Power, where *Alexander* falls,
And now in Miſery y'are Glorious ſtill;
But, Sir, wou'd you wou'd try if you cou'd ſcape.
Da. Ah! whither can I ſcape? to ſcornful Life?
I wou'd not have it, were it in my Power.
Then ſure I wou'd not ſteal ſo poor a thing,
And if I wou'd, now the Attempt is vain.
I ſhall be catch'd in the diſgraceful Theft.
No, here I will attend my Deſtiny,
And now, good *Artabazus*, take thy leave.
Ar. How! leave you, Sir, in all this great diſtreſs?
Da. Alas! thy ſtay can do me little good.
'Twill rather hurt me much; encreaſe my Grief.
If thou haſt any pleaſure in my ſighs,
Continue with me; I have none in thine,
No, we afflict each other; prithee go.
I love to have my Friends ſhare in my joyes,
But wou'd have all my ſorrows to my ſelf,
And I can beſt contend with 'em alone.
For Sorrow I perceive's love's ſolitude,
I prithee take not from me ſolitude.
Ar. I am not us'd, Sir, to diſpute your will.
But I ſhall never never ſee you more,
Or at leaſt never till we meet in Heaven.
There is a Heaven, or there are no Gods.
Gods wou'd not ſuffer ſo much Miſery
In their poor Creatures, but for ſome great End;
And all this world can never recompence
The ſorrows of the leaſt poor honeſt man.
What ſhall be done then for a Martyr'd King?
Da. Nay, I confeſs I look, and long for Death.
Come *Artabazus*——take my laſt Embrace,
'Tis all I have to give thee for thy love.
Ar. My King! my King!
Da. My ever faithful friend.
Oh! thou art rooting deeper in my heart,
Tear thy ſelf from me, or we cannot part.
Ar. I have not ſtrength to do't——
Da. I cannot part——

Or see thee go——first let me Veil my Face,
And then betake to my last Friend, the Earth,
In whose cold Bosome I shall rest secure;
No Traytors will have Plots upon me there.
Now go.—— {*The King flings his Robe over his Face, then falls on the ground.*

Ar. Farewell for ever, Sir. [*Ex.*

Da. Farewell.
Go all——and as you go, plunder my Tents,
[*To the Eunuchs.*
Let not my bloody Murderers be my Heirs.
Better my Gold pay your Fidelity,
Than their base Villany. Go—'tis enough.
Your Faith and Love, have liv'd as long as I.

{*As the Eunuchs go off, they set up a mournful cry. At which* Bessus, Nabarzanes, *and* Dataphernes, *and their Guards, rush in upon the King with drawn Swords.*

Be. What means this cry?
Na. Has the King kill'd himself?

Darius *rises.*

Da. No, Villains; I yet live to punish you,
And lash your Crimes with Crimes, your cowardly
Dissimulation, hellish Cruelty,
Ingratitude more horrid than 'em both,
By the most Barbarous Murder of your King.
Be. Sir, in this noise and storm of Passion,
It is in vain to utter peaceful sounds.
But time, that removes Mountains, calms the Sea,
Will Calm and clear up all; and you, who think
You have receiv'd unpardonable wrong,
Will ask us pardon for the wrong done us.
Da. Oh! insolence!
Na. Sir, you will find this Truth.
Mean while we must go on in this foul way,
To find the Fair; there, Guards, secure the King.
Da. D'e say secure me; and yet call me King?

Oh! rise in my Revenge and Aid, all Kings!——
This is your common Cause, I am a King.
Rise all Mankind, for all Humanity
Is by these Villains scorn'd, disgrac'd, and curst,
By what they do to me their most kind Friend.
Nay, rise all Gods! your Power suffers in me
Your Minister, and a deputed God!
Your Justice suffers, I am Innocent.

Be. Well, Sir, we pray then spare the Innocent,
Beat not your self, against that Loyal force,
Which we have built to fortifie your Life.

Na. Yes, Sir, we mean your Service, and we pray
Force us on no indecent Violence.
We'll treat you Honourably, if you please.

Da. Monsters of Treachery and Ingratitude!

The King is led out by a Guard.

Be. Ho! *Dataphernes*!

Dat. I am here, my Lord.

Be. I trust the King to you——upon your Life,
Keep a strong Guard.

Na. That will not be enough,
Let him be chain'd.

Be. It is not ill advis'd.
But for the honour that we bear our selves,
Let's honourably treat his Dignity,
Since we our selves design to be both Kings.
Then let us beat Gold Ingots into Chains,
'Twill give a Lustre to our black attempt.

[*Aside to* Nabarzanes.

Na. Th'attempt may appear black; our ends are Fair.

Be. 'Tis true; Sirs, you shall have an Inheritance
In manly Freedom; your Posterity
Shall all be born with Titles to themselves.
Now, my brave Friends, plunder the Royal Tents.

[*Guards shout.*

Then let us face the *Greeks* and *Persians*,
And see what they will do.

Na. What dare they do?

Destroy

Deſtroy the King? for if they ſtir, he dies.
Be. 'Tis true, but if they will our Power obey,
We'll do ſuch things, ſhall give us right to ſway:
The right, that only does from Birth proceed,
In my Eſteem, ſprings from a Baſtard Breed.
But Vertue is the Offspring of a God,
Vertue alone Legitimates the Blood. [*Ex.*

SCENE The Palace.

Enter Barzana *and* Oronte.

Ba. How! Chain his King? oh! execrable Wretch!
Now I perceive whence ſprings my horrid Love.
'Tis an unnatural fire rain'd down from Heaven,
To burn a bloudy Traytour in his Bed.
I wonder not it never cou'd be quench'd,
I faſted, wept, and pray'd, yet found no cure;
No ſafety even at the Altars of the Gods;
Love ſeiz'd me there; and very well it might,
It has, it ſeems, Commiſſion from the Gods.
Or. Madam, no doubt you have conjectur'd right.
A dreadful ſtorm hangs over your Lord's Head;
So you, the part moſt tender, feel it firſt;
For elſe I know you cou'd controul your Love.
But, oh! it is no more within your Power
Than the day is; for the ſame reaſon too
'Tis hurry'd on by Heaven.
Ba. I'm apt to think
All Love is Fate, the Will and Choice of Heaven
Compelling ours. But Fate, to conquer me,
Has in brave *Memnon* gather'd, for its aid,
All the Perfections that can be in man.
Now, who can ſtand under ſo great a force?
'Tis true, I know my Temper is ſo firm,
Not all the Love and Excellence on Earth,
Can ever melt me down to one looſe thought.
But yet the pain and ſorrow of my Love,

Will throw me into the Grave.
Or. No, Madam, no:
Your Love will wear away by length of time.
Ba. Oh, never! *Memnon's* Charms are Powers Divine,
To punish the ill Father by the Son;
And I must love whilst Heavens anger lasts:
For ought I know, to all Eternity.——— [*Knocking.*
Knocking? I'm overheard. [Oronte *runs to the door.*
Or. Lord *Memnon's* here.
Ba. Undone! undone.
Thou hast betray'd———betray'd me———
Or. No, indeed.
Ba. Thou hast, thou false, thou wicked cruel wretch:
Not Heaven it self can make me happy now,
Except by falling on my curs'd head.
Fall on me, Heaven; sink beneath me, Earth;
Any thing swallow me, but Infamy.
But I will stop its course, cost what it will.
Who is there?———

Enter a Woman.

Wo. Madam.
Ba. Run, and call your Lord.
Or. Hold, Madam, hold———oh! do not take our Lives,
Before you know our Guilt.
Ba. Is it not plain?
Can he have innocent Affairs with me?
Th' address alone, is highly Criminal.
It wou'd undo my Honour, were it known.
Do *Persian* Ladies, that regard their Fame,
Hold any secret Entercourse with Men?
No, no———he comes to do his Father wrong;
And has it seems a secret hope I'le yield.
Whence cou'd he have this hope, but from thy self?
Thou hast half cur'd my heart, I hate you both,
And I'm resolv'd, his Father shall know all.
Or. Oh! Madam, hold———indeed I'm innocent——
Ba. What brings him hither then?
Or. I do not know.

Yet

Yet now I call to mind, perhaps my Lord,
Has caſt him off in compliment to you,
(He ſaid he wou'd) and now Lord *Memnon's* come
To beg your Interceſſion.

Ba. That may be.
It is well thought; I'm griev'd I've cenſur'd him.
Now I will ſee him; but I am afraid
I ſhall be all Confuſion, and let fall
That port of Honour, I wou'd fain maintain.
Reach me a Veil to guard my Eyes and Heart,
And cover my diſorders what I can.
Now call him in. [*She veils and ſeats her.*

[Or. *brings in* Memnon.

Or. Madam, my Lord, is here.

Ba. My Lord, I'm to your Valour ſo oblig'd,
I'm in confuſion with the ſence of it.
I am now diſcompos'd; and cannot give
Your Viſit, the Reception it deſerves:
Pray, if you have any Commands for me,
Expreſs your will, that I may know my own.
For I ſhall ſerve my ſelf, by ſerving you.

Me. Here's more Encouragement! Good Gods be prais'd! [*Aſide.*
Madam, when Fortune——Heavens! how I ſhake? [*Aſide.*
When Fortune gave me——pray be not diſpleas'd——
The Glory Kings wou'd purchaſe with their Crowns,
To ſave your Honour, Liberty, and Life;
She bleſt the Univerſe, but ruin'd me,
By hopeleſs Love for you.

Ba. Oh! thou falſe Wretch.

[Ba. *riſes in Anger, and flings off her Veil.*

Nay, ſtir not, truſt my Mercy you had beſt. [*To* Or.
My Lord, I thought not to hear this from you,
So fam'd for every Vertue as you are,
I ſooner ſhou'd have fear'd the fall of Heaven;
That I ſhall look for now, nothing is ſtrange!
And better Heaven fall, than Innocence.
Therefore be gone, and think of me no more,
Or elſe, I will acquaint your Father all.

Me. Madam,

Me. Madam, 'tis done already; e're I came
I told him all, and had his free consent.
Ba. Oh! horrour! now 'tis worse than I believ'd!
[*Aside.*
This Traytress has inform'd my Husband all.
And he, in rage, has flung me off to Hell.
Did he consent you shou'd address to me?
Me. No, Madam, not to your fair self by name.
I do not know your name.
Ba. Not know my Name?
Me. No, Madam, when I met you in the Field,
Love and Amazement took up all my Sence,
Had I been told your Name, I had not known.
The Enemy and Night then parted us;
And a long Night it was; I saw no day
'Till here, this happy Morning, I saw you.
I found my Father, told him what befell.
He gave me a full grant to make you mine,
Be what you wou'd.
Or. Now, Madam, was I false?——
[*Aside to* Barzana.
Ba. I am more wretched than I was before.
I have found Treasure which I cannot keep,
The Love of him I love, is now my grief,
For I am forc'd to cast it all away.
I must discover to him, who I am.
Alas! my Lord, this Love is but a Dream,
Your Heart receiv'd my Image as it past;
Remove the face, the shadow vanishes;
Leave me, your Love is gone.
Be't as it will,
All Heaven and Earth is plac'd between us two.
For, to be plain with you, I am a Wife.
Me. Madam, I will acknowledge a bold Truth,
I sought you much, but Guide I cou'd have none.
For you are far above description.
Chance brought me hither, when the wanton winds
Open'd the folding doors, and shew'd me you.
My Soul retir'd in a Religious awe,
But your inchanting words soon brought her back.

I heard you own inspiring Love for me.
Madam, wou'd you do that, were you a Wife?
Ba. Oh! *I* shall blush to Death. [*Aside to* Or.
Or. Good, Madam, why?
He knows not who you are; you did not say,
You are his Father's wife—— [*Aside.*
Ba. 'Tis very true—— [*Aside.*
What, held my tongue? But, oh! he knows too much,
He knows my Love, more he shall never know.
I'd rather burn in any fire, than shame.
I will get free, then, like a Vision,
I'le vanish hence, and never be heard of more.
Me. Oh! Madam, *I* perceive you are disturb'd.
Ba. Indeed, My Lord, y'ave given me great Offence.
Me. Alas! *I* fear my self am the Offence.
Why shou'd you be asham'd of innocent Love?
Unless you be asham'd of him you Love.
Oh! is it so with me?
Ba. Y'ave made it now
Indecent to consider what you are.
And if you have not, your ill Father has.
Your wicked Father has destroy'd your hopes.
Me. Oh! must *I* suffer for my Father's faults?
Ba. And must I suffer for your Father's faults?
I am a Princess o'the Royal Blood,
And if *I* League with you, *I* cast away
My Fortune, Conscience, Honour, nay my Life,
Nay both shall die,——and by your Father's hand.
Me. Oh! Madam, *I* am sure that fear is vain.
Pray send for him, *I* know he'll give consent.
Ba. Oh! horrour——horrour!——
Me. Madam, do not fear.
Run for my Father.
Ba. Will you murder me?
All of the Royal Race will seek my Life,
If *I* be known to love your Father's Son.
Me. Madam, we'll fly to the Brave Enemy.
Ba. *I* fly away in secret with a man,
And with the Son of the King's Enemy.
Shou'd my Friends pardon me, yet *I* shou'd dye

With

With Shame, and Horrour. And I'm much diſpleas'd
You ſhou'd embrace ſuch ſhameful thoughts o'me,
And *I* even ſcorn you, for your loving me,
Since you believe *I* have no more deſert.
Me. Madam your merit ſeems ſo great to me,
As gives a Grace to every thing you do.
You can do nothing will appear a fault.
Madam, I'le do ſuch things to ſerve the King,
As will conceal, the faults of my ill Birth.
Ba. You can do nothing; Nature binds your hands.
Will you deſtroy your Father? horrid thought!
Yet if you do not, he deſtroys the King.
That Hell ſurrounds you; 'tis impoſſible
To come at you, but through all Miſery.
And why ſhou'd you deſire ſuch ill to me?
Then go, if you'd preſerve my Love or Life.
Your ſtay will but incurr my Mortal hate,
Nay, perhaps bring my Blood upon your head.
Me. The Gods forbid, I'le rather ſink to Hell.
Ba. Then go, whilſt *I* have one kind thought of you.
And my kind thoughts are all you ſhall enjoy.
Me. All this *I* fear'd, expected, almoſt wiſh'd.
So much I tender you above my ſelf.
For my ill Father's Son, muſt look for Plagues,
They are my Birthright, and Inheritance.
And I ſhou'd be moſt cruel and unjuſt,
If *I* ſhou'd ſeek to fix 'em upon you.
No, Madam, fly our curſed Houſe, and me.
Your generous Loyalty, I praiſe and love,
Though 'tis the Sword of Heaven to cut me off.
Well, Madam, I will take my ſelf away.
Nay, more, I beg you'l throw me from your thoughts,
That *I* may ne're be trouble to you more.
Ba. Now he goes nearer to my heart than ever.
[*Aſide.*
'Tis dangerous to ſee, or hear him more;
And cruelty to ſend him bleeding hence,
Without ſome Balm———
My Lord, I were unjuſt

To

To love you leaſt when you deſerve it moſt.
No, no, you ever ſhall poſſeſs my thoughts;
And Heaven that made me, has no more of me.

Me. Oh! Madam, many thouſand thouſand thanks
For this Compaſſion; though 'twill be no more
Than a fair Monument, o're a dead Wretch.

Ba. Oh! I have held my violent Grief till now,
To make our parting eaſie as I cou'd.
But now I've loſt all power o're my ſelf,
And if you longer ſtay, I ſhall fall dead.
Go, if y'ave pity for your ſelf, or me.

Me. I go——I go——and now can eaſier go.
Your kind Tears comfort me——oh! wretched me!
The grief of her I love, is all my joy.
And now a long farewel——my Love was born,——
In a moſt fatal Field, in Deaths dark ſhades.
And it will ne're have Health till it repair
To Death again; its Mournful Native Air.——

[*Exit.*

Ba. He's gone! and I ſhall never ſee him more.
I muſt not, will not, dare not, ſee him more.
I'le fly if poſſible all thoughes of him;
All knowledge of my ſelf——Poor Womankind——
Heaven for our ruin, gifts on us beſtows,
Charms to allure, no Power to opppoſe.
In Paſſion we are ſtrong, in Reaſon weak,
Conſtant alone, to errour and miſtake,
In Vertue feign'd, in Vanity ſincere;
Witty in Sin, and for Damnation fair.——

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT I.

ACT V.

SCENE A Garden.

Enter Memnon.

Me. OH! I am blasted in my Bloom of Youth.
I am more miserable for my Youth.
For the more Years and Life I have to come,
The larger Fields of Misery and Shame,
Have my unhappy Father sowed for me.
Well——I will trouble nothing but my self.
I'le wander from my Friends, my Fortunes, Hopes——
Then like a Plummet parted from the Line,
I will sink down in deep obscurity,
Where never more shall trace be found of me.
Ha!——oh! my Heart! the Princess comes this way.

Enter Barzana *and* Oronte.

Comes like a sudden Spring on my dead hopes,
And forces 'em, methinks, into new Life.
Something, methinks, from Heaven stops my way,
And tells me, she and I must never part.
Ba. Where is the Chariot?
Or. At the Garden gate.
Ba. Come then away—Oh! Heavens! *Memnon* here!
Turn from him quickly.
Me. Hold, dear Madam, hold.
Ba. My Lord, what mean you? thirst you for my Blood?
Me. Oh! Madam, do not entertain those fears.
Ba. Do not you entertain false dangerous hopes.
Your Father has this minute left the Field.
Me. But not his Love to me.
Ba. You'l find him quit
His Love to you, and all Humanity.

If

If he shou'd catch you, seeking Leagues with me.
I fear he's at the Palace Window now,
Oh! if he be, this minute is our last.
Me. These are vain terrours; Oh! wou'd he were here.
This Minute were the last of all our Griefs.
But oh! the first of our Immoral Joys.
And something in me says, it will be so.
Methinks I have a sight of Paradise.
Ba. Oh! you speak Oracles——methinks in you
A voice from Heaven has Prophesied our death.
The Pangs of Death, already seize my Heart,
I tremble, sweat, and I've scarce breath to speak.
Know there is yet another stronger Cause,
Than any *I* have nam'd, why we must part.
Me. Another Cause?
Ba. Oh! do not enquire what,
If you take any joy in loving me.
For when I've told you, you must love no more,
If you have any tenderness for me;
When *I* have told you, *I* shall speak no more;
The secret will tear out my heart——Oh! fly——
If you would love, or live, or have me live.
Me. Y'ave stunn'd me so——*I* have no strength to stir.
Ba. Oh! he will loyter till his Father comes,
The Gods will bate my Passion no disgrace.
Know, I'm a Wife; nay more, your Father's Wife.
He faints——he faints——Now shou'd his Father come——
And find him in my Arms.
[Me. *faints*, Ba. *runs to him and supports him.*
Or. Madam, he's come.
Ba. Oh! horrour we are lost——my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Bessus——*who seizing* Me. *in* Barzana's *Arms, draws.*
Me. *recovers*, Barzana *runs to hold* Bessus.

Be. Oh! Villain.
Ba. Oh! my Lord——
Be. Oh! Impudent!
And foolish Whore! wilt thou proclaim thy shame?
And murder him, thou hast a mind to save?

Had he a thousand lives, now he shou'd dye.
Ba. Oh! hear me first
Be. Hear thee encrease thy sins,
By falsehood? is not Incest Crime enough?
I saw you from the Palace, meet, Caress.
And is not this your second meeting? ha!
I will provide for you a third meeting place,
In Death and Hell——thou frightful Monster——dye.
[*wounds* Me. *who falls.*
Ba. Unnatural Parricide! dire Regicide!——
Be. The fitter match for an incestuous Wife.
Me. My Lord, you wrong us; we are innocent.
I lov'd——but knew her not——she banish'd me——
I was now going to obey her doom;
When Heaven contriv'd this Meeting for our Death,
We sought it not——for ever to prevent
All future Meetings, she reveal'd her self.
Then did *I* sink to Death, under surprize,
And horrour, for my faulty unfortunate Love;
Which is more trouble to me, than this Death.
Oh! *I* had rather have a thousand Deaths
Got by misfortune, than your ill-got Crown——
[*Dyes.*
Ba. Oh! he has told thee truth——thou Murderer.
He was too excellent! for all the Gods
Thought him a God, and took him to themselves.
And I will follow him; yes I will do't.
And we will revel to Eternity;
And it shall be the chiefest of our Joyes,
To be the chief of thy Eternal Plagues.
Be. A damp goes to my Heart, *I* am afraid
I've been too rash: *I* wish this were undone.
Come take her to my Chariot——
Ba. Touch me not.
The Gods be prais'd I've found my Dagger now.
I'le go another way.
Be. Sh'as stab'd her self.
Call help——I'le have her live if possible.
Ba. I have help here:
Be. Horrour! she tears her wound.

Hold

Hold——hold——her hands.

Ba. Then *I* will hold my Breath.

Be. Is this thy Vertue? thou, who canſt commit
This moſt unnatural ſin againſt thy ſelf,
Wou'dſt not refuſe thy ſelf a ſweeter Crime.

Ba. Indeed, I'm ſorry for this ſinful Death,
I wou'd ſhun Hell, if only to ſhun thee.
Hell purg'd by Fire, has leſs Offence than thou.

Be. Oh! thou art moſt ungrateful to my Love,
I have more Love for thee, than words can ſpeak.

Ba. I am glad of it, then 'twill be thy Plague.
And to encreaſe it, know I'm innocent,
So was thy Noble Son; he ſought my Love,
But knew me not, for *I* conceal'd my ſelf.
Cauſe he had found my ſecret Love for him.
And then *I* cou'd not ſhew my bluſhing face.

Be. You lov'd him then it ſeems?——

Ba. That I confeſs,
I lov'd him, but it was e're I was thine.
Since that I did ſubdue my ſelf for thee.
Reveal'd my ſelf, and baniſh'd him for ever.
And he was taking his Eternal leave,
When thou, (oh! Murderer!) tookſt his Innocent Life.

Be. If this be true.——

Ba. 'Tis true; they're my laſt words.
All my paſt Life, is evidence enough,
And ſo is that of thy moſt excellent Son.
For had he any other fault but thee?
And I had leſs, my Birth was Glorious.
Yet has my Life, honour'd my Royal Birth.
And now I hope my Death will crown my Life.
It has ſome ſin which you, good Gods, forgive.
Your Juſtice has had Honour by my fall.
Oh! honour now the Vertuous part o' me,——
My Soul——you know I never ſin'd in will;
Only in Blood, and that foul Blood I ſpill. [*Dyes.*

Be. Oh! horrour! horrour!

Enter

Enter Naburzanes.

Na. How now? why this rage?
Be. Look there.
Na. Your belov'd Son and Wife in blood?
Amazing! how came this?
Be. No matter how.
They're dead, and I am curs'd; nay, I am forc'd
To curse the Vertues of my Son and Wife.
The Worlds great Blessings were my Miseries.
Na. I'm glad o'this; they did divide your Soul,
And cut the Stream into small Rivulets,
It cou'd not bear the Burdens o'the State.
Now 'twill be all united in the Crown.

Enter Dataphernes.

Dat. My Lord, the Enemy, the Enemy.
Be. What Enemy?
Dat. The *Macedonians*,
And *Alexander*.
Be. Alexander? ha!
Na. How do you know?
Dat. We had it from our Scouts.
But go upon the Mountains, you may see
The Spirit of that Monarch in his March.
He wings along the Air in Clouds of Dust,
And does not march, but fly.
Be. Bring out the King.
Na. Ha! what to do?
Be. What else, but take his Life?
I will not dye in Complement to him;
Spare him a Guard, when we want men our selves.
I've bath'd my Sinews in my Son's hot Blood;
Now they are strong enough for any thing.
Na. Hold——hold——you are too hot, let him alone.
If we shou'd barbarously Butcher him,
The Crime will have such a grim Gastly face,
The basest *Persian* Cowards, will be scar'd

Out

Out of their Natures into something Brave,
Cowards oft by flying, into Valour fly.
Our Friends will leave us, and our Enemies
Fly in our Faces.

Be. True, what shall we do?

Na. Tempt him to yield.

Be. I know he scorns to do't.

Na. We will deceive him by feign'd Penitence.

Be. I do not find him easily deceiv'd.

Na. Let's make a Trial; if he'll not be gain'd,
We'll murder him unknown to any one,
Besides our selves, and then give out he yields,
And what we do is by his own Command.

Be. 'Tis well advis'd——draw up our Troops with speed;
[*To* Data.
And then give out the King and we are friends. [*Ex.*

SCENE A Prison.

Enter King in Chains of Gold.

Da. A King; a *Persian* King, chain'd by his Slaves?
The Slaves he once so favour'd and so lov'd;
Oh! the amazing Villanies of men,
And stupifying Patience o'the Gods!
The gracious Gods seem only infinite,
In suffering ill, and man doing it.
Man therefore is most fear'd, and most obey'd.
My Murderers come; my greifs are near their end.

Enter Bessus *and* Nabarzanes.

Na. Now if these Chains weigh the Kings Spirit down
To our desires, we shall be legal Rogues—— [*Aside.*

Be. What is it spirits me away to fear?
He's in my Chains, yet I am in his Power.

Na. I find it so with me; I've fought my way
Through bravest men, why am I fear'd by dreams?

Let's

Let's kneel, and ſpeak to him.

Be. Well, do you ſpeak.
I am an ill Diſſembler.

Na. Royal Sir—— [*Kneels.*
We humbly beg you, lend a gracious Ear
To your poor Slaves, by your hard Fortune thrown,
On th'only things we fear; on infamy,
Your Anger, and a ſeeming horrid Crime;
Though what we did, was all in Loyalty.

Be. 'Tis true; we ſaw Fate quarrel with you, Sir.
And ſo we came between to part the fray.

Da. Oh! you poor Wretches, how I pity you?
Cou'd you have fallen thus miſerably in fight,
There you had been the Envy of the Brave.
Now y'are the ſcorn of all. As to my ſelf,
Y'ave given me endleſs reſt. The greateſt weight
Hangs on theſe Chains, is your ingratitude.
Oh! how have I deſerv'd all this from you?

Be. You have deſerv'd no ill, and ſhall have none.

Darius Indeed *I* do not know the man I've wrong'd;
Bring him, I'le give him power to take my Life.
If I've offended, 'twas againſt my ſelf.
In all my Kingdom, I was the ſole Slave.
I toil'd the moſt, and moſt obſerv'd the Laws.
The great Prerogative, I moſt deſir'd,
Was to be uncontroul'd in doing Good.
If *I* gave fear, it was to Potent Kings.
I was in danger moſt, in Pleaſure leaſt.
My Luxury lay all in my Fair Queen.
My ſole Intemperance was my Love to her.
My Love and Grief for her, admit no bounds.
And oh! how have I Lov'd and Favour'd you?
I gave you Kingdoms, and with greater Joy
Than you receiv'd 'em——oh! methoughts I gain'd,
What I gave you, and theſe are my Rewards.
You murder me, who wou'd have dy'd for you.
Alas! It is your fault, *I* am not dead.

Na. Indeed we mean you Good; and do no more
Than what Prieſts in Devotion do to Gods.
Who faſten 'em from falling, or flight.

We fear'd your flight to Mercenary *Greeks*,
Or falling into *Macedonian* Power.
And, Sir, to ſhew how much we honour you,
We have given ſhining Pomp to Miſery,
Since 'tis become a Waiter on our King.
Be. And if you'l pardon us, and favour us,
We'll make you greater than you ever were.
Da. I favour Treaſon! *I* aſſume your Guilt!
I'le rather bravely dye, then baſely Reign.
Indeed my Children are moſt dear to me,
But for that cauſe, *I* will not taint their Blood,
And make the Children of a King, become
The Children of a Traytour to a King.
I can, and will be great without your help.
Yes, in theſe Chains, I'le triumph over you;
I will Reign o're you when y'ave murder'd me;
In my Grave puniſh you. All Kings and Gods
Will be the Miniſters of my Revenge,
And execute what e're my Blood commands.
Na. We loſe our time——come, ſtrike.
Be. I will, and home.——

[*They wound* Darius, *who falls.*

Na. So, this is a great work; but common Spirits
Ha' not reception for things great and high.
Let us not truſt, 'em with this ſpectacle.
Ho! Guard.

Enter a Guard.

Guard. My Lord.
Na. The King has Kill'd himſelf.
We fear falſe Tongues will lay his Blood to us.
Therefore conceal his Death, till the fight's paſt,
As you regard your Lives. In the mean while,
Cover the Body in a Waggon cloſe,
That it may paſs for Baggage; drive it then
Into ſome private place, out of all Roads,
And kill the Horſes, leſt they wander thence.

[*Guard carry out* Darius.

Be. Now let us to the Field; for there's our Doom,

Our Innocence, or Treason is to come.
It is success makes innocence a sin;
And there is nothing, but a Sword between.
If th' end be glorious, glorious is the way;
They alwaies have the Cause, who have the day.

SCENE A Field.

A noise of a Battel. After shouts. Enter Artabazus, Patron *and* Greeks *dragging* Bessus *and* Nabarzanes.

Pa. Oh! thank you, for this Justice, you good Gods.
Ar. Go to King *Alexander*; let him know
The Gods have given the Traytors to our Swords.
Let us enjoy Revenge for our King's Blood,
And then he shall command our Swords and Lives.
Pa. Oh! that the King enjoy'd it! where have you
Conceal'd his Body; you damn'd Regicides?

Enter Persians.

Per. My Lord, my Lord, the King——
Ar. What of the King?
Per. He's found; a *Macedonian* Officer,
By help of *Persian* Guides, searching a Spring
To quench his Thirst, after the heat of fight;
He in the woods saw a poor Waggon stray,
Drawn by faint dying Horses stuck with Darts.
And looking in it, found a dying man
Gor'd in his Blood; which prov'd to be our King.
Ar. Horrour! he lives!——let us away, away,
That he may see Revenge before he dyes.
Pa. And we will weigh him out exact revenge:
Here chain, and cut 'em as they did their King. [*Ex.*

The

The Scene is drawn, a Waggon appears. The Horses bloody, and full of Darts, some falling, others fallen. Polystratus *and* Persians *support* Darius, *who is Bloody and Faint.*

Pol. Run, run for help, while we will bind his wounds.
Da. Ha! who art thou?
Pol. A *Macedonian*, Sir.
Da. My Enemy so kind?
Pol. A Gallant Man
Fights out of Love to Duty and Renown;
And loves and honours a brave Enemy.
Da. What is thy name?
Pol. 'Tis *Polystratus*, Sir.
Da. Brave Man; more kind to me, than my Friends are.
These were the Presents of my once dear Friends,
Bessus and *Nabarzanes.*
Pol. Hellish Dogs.
Da. 'Tis no small comfort in my wretched State,
My grateful dying thoughts will not be lost.
Tell thy brave King, I dye deep in his Debt.
I never once oblig'd him in the least,
And he has nobly treated all my Friends.
My Mother, Brother, Children, my Fair Queen.
Granted their Lives, and Royal Splendour too,
They scarce cou'd tell they were unfortunate.
When my near Kindred, and once Bosome Friends,
On whom I Life, and Kingdoms have bestow'd,
Have plunder'd me of all. Oh! tell thy King,
I beg the Gods, for Universal Good,
To make him Monarch o' the Universe.
And for the common Cause of all Crown'd Heads,
I challenge the Revenge due to my Blood.
Pol. Sir, it will be reveng'd, your Murderers
Are in the hands of your most Faithful [illegible]
Da. I'm glad on't; for the sake of [illegible] Mankind.
Pity the Sea has bounds, if Sin has none.

Better men sunk in Sea, than Villany.
I'm faint, and thirsty; I but lately saw
Some drinking at a Spring, not far from hence.
A little Water wou'd refresh me much.

Pol. Sir, it was I, you shall have some with speed.

[Pol. *fetches the King water in his Helmet, the King drinks.*

Da. How vainly do we pity Poverty!
The Gods sit at the Table o'the Poor,
And turn their Water to delicious Wine.
Never had I, in pompous Luxury,
Such Pleasure, as this draught o'water yields.
But Fortune does pursue me to the last.
I'm forc'd to beg even Water for my Thirst,
And though a King, I cannot pay for it.
But *Alexander* will;——give me thy hand.
Prethee for me touch *Alexander's* hand.
The sole remaining Pledge I have to give,
For all my grateful Love, to that brave Prince. [*Dyes.*

Pol. He's gone! he's gone! and it is well he's so.
Oh! wretched Prince, whose Happiness is Death.
Let's bear the Sacred Body to our King;
For he will give it Royal Funerals.

[*Ex.* Poly. *and* Persians *with the Body. Enter another way,* Artabazus, Patron, Persians, Greeks; *with* Bessus, *and* Nabarzanes, *chain'd and wounded.*

Per. Here is the Spring, the King's not far from hence.

Ar. Oh! no——for see the ground all stain'd with Blood.
And no doubt Royal Blood, let us pursue
The dreadful track, 'twill bring us to the King.

Pa. 'Twill bring these Villains to Damnation.

Enter a Persian.

2 *Per.* My Lord, I met the *Macedonians*
With the King's Body, and the King is dead.

Ar. Oh! Prince, the best, and yet most wrong'd of men.
What Joy and Glory did he not deserve!
And yet what Misery did he not endure?
And now deny'd the comfort of Revenge.

Pa.

Pa. Perhaps he may enjoy it after Death.
Oh Royal Shade! if yet thou be'ſt not fled
To bleſt Abodes, bear this deteſted place,
But while we entertain thee with Revenge.
Drink ſweet Revenge, till thy great ſorrows Sleep.
Then thou, and all good things, fly hence for ever.
Here take theſe Monſters, torture 'em to Death.
Ha! pleaſing Harmony! hear you it not? [*Soft Muſick.*
Ar. Yes, with great Admiration; for methinks
This is no time or place for ſuch delight.
Pa. A Sence of the Kings Murder, ſeems impreſt
On Beaſts and Plants, and every thing but thoſe
Who threw at once their King and Nature off.
Lyons come roaring from their Caves, then dy'd.
The Cedars groan'd, then fell. Th'Earth deeply tore
Her Bowels, and then wept a bloody Spring.
Streight all the Plants and Flowers droop'd, and dy'd.
They muſt be moſt unnatural Villains then,
That now find Pleaſure, but none ſuch are near.

Enter a Perſian.

Per. My Lord, the Traytours are in Torments Dead.

[*The Scene is drawn, and the Carcaſſes of* Beſſus *and* Nabarzanes *are ſeen, hung in Chains, and ſtuck with Darts, a Guard attending. At another part o' the Stage, is ſeen the Ghoſt of* Darius *brightly habited.*

Pa. Oh! now I ſee the Cauſe, of theſe Divine
Miraculous Sounds; I ſee the King, the King,
More Lively than he ever was in's Life,
More Pompous than in all his Royal Pomp.
Ar. I ſee him—and my Spirit, rais'd with joy,
Aſcends to meet him—happy Viſion.
Vertue triumphing over Villany.
Pa. The Royal Shadow ſmiles and points to 'em———
Ar. This is the difference 'tween the good and bad.
Death ſhews it truly, Life is a falſe light,
But the true Diamond, appears by Night.

[*Ex.*

The EPILOGUE, ſpoke by her that acts *Barzana*.

OUR Poet fears he too much Blood has ſhed,
So I am come to ſhew I am not dead.
My Part, will all the wanton Masks diſpleaſe;
That's half the Pit, and all the Galleries.
Rather than take into my Breaſt a Fair,
And brave young Lover, thruſt a Dagger there!
You put your Boſomes to another uſe,
'Tis a vile Pagan Cuſtome I produce.
Pagans *may rather dye, than be debauch'd,*
Good Chriſtians Sin, to be well Kept and Coach'd.
Beſides, to kill my ſelf for Love, I fear
Will to you Sparks improbable appear,
Who in ſide Boxes daily crowd, and there
Plant all your murdering ſhot againſt the Fair,
Four Teer of Beaus, *o're one another plac'd,*
And each one hopes to kill a Box at leaſt.
And yet with all this terrible deſign,
Sink not one Heart, only the Playhouſe Coyn.
How you look down with ſcorn on a Pit Beau?
The Wretch into his Grave does living go.
The Lord may have ſome Mercy on his Ghoſt,
But as for his poor Body, that's quite loſt.
Now our ſide Boxes are a Smithfield *grown,*
Where Town and Country Nags for Sale are ſhown.
Where any Lady may her humour fit,
With a tall Palfry, or a little Tit.

And

EPILOGUE.

And yet I do not hear the Ladies buy;
Nay, Sirs, they towards you hardly caſt an Eye.
The Ladies nobly pay the Houſe their due,
Why ſhou'd they give four Shillings to ſee you?
Not all your Faces are worth half the Sum,
Get Flags and Trumpets, and try who will come.
The Images of Virtue, we have ſhewn,
We know will pleaſe you Hero's o' the Town,
And Heroines, becauſe they are your own.
In Gallant faithful Patron, *and my dear*
Lov'd Memnon, *you brave men of Arms appear.*
The Ladies in Barzana, *ſee your Face,*
Of their fair minds, but in no flattering Glaſs.
All love to ſee themſelves; the foul will ſtare
In Glaſſes, though they meet with Goblings there.
But all the little hopping fluttering Sparks,
You catch with Glaſſes, as you do the Larks.
Place a fair Glaſs directly in the eye
Of a young Beau, *he never can paſs by.*
Young Souldiers diſcipline their Graces there,
Face to the right, the left, then as you were.
[She combs firſt o're the right Shoulder, then o're the left, then ſets her Cravat Strings.
We pray all daily to this Glaſs repair.

FINIS.